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STEAD'S

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JUNE
15th

1918

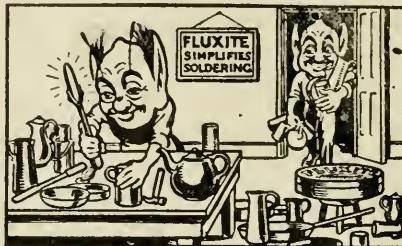


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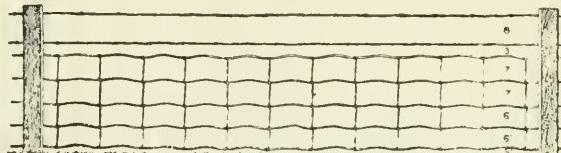


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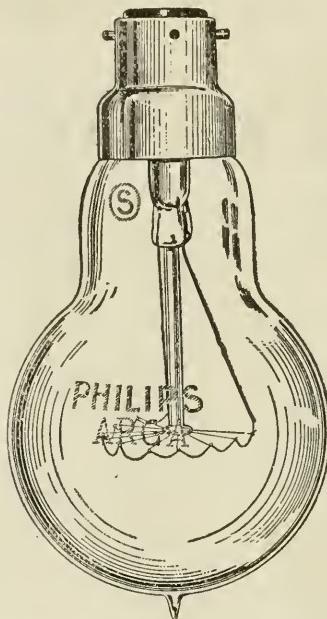
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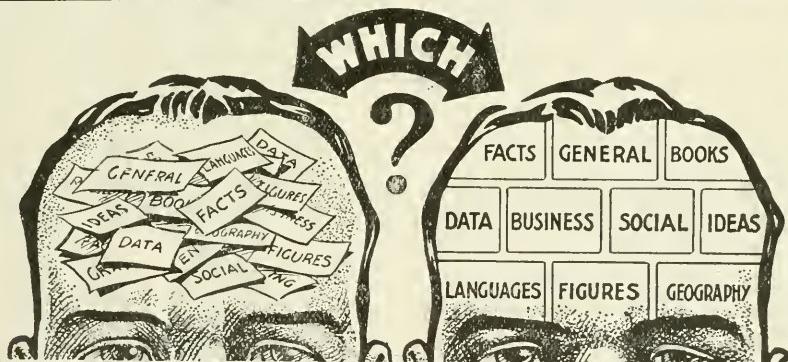
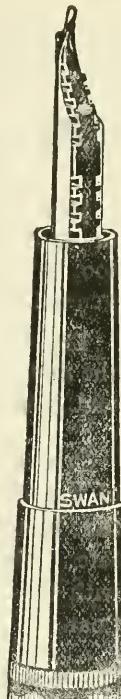
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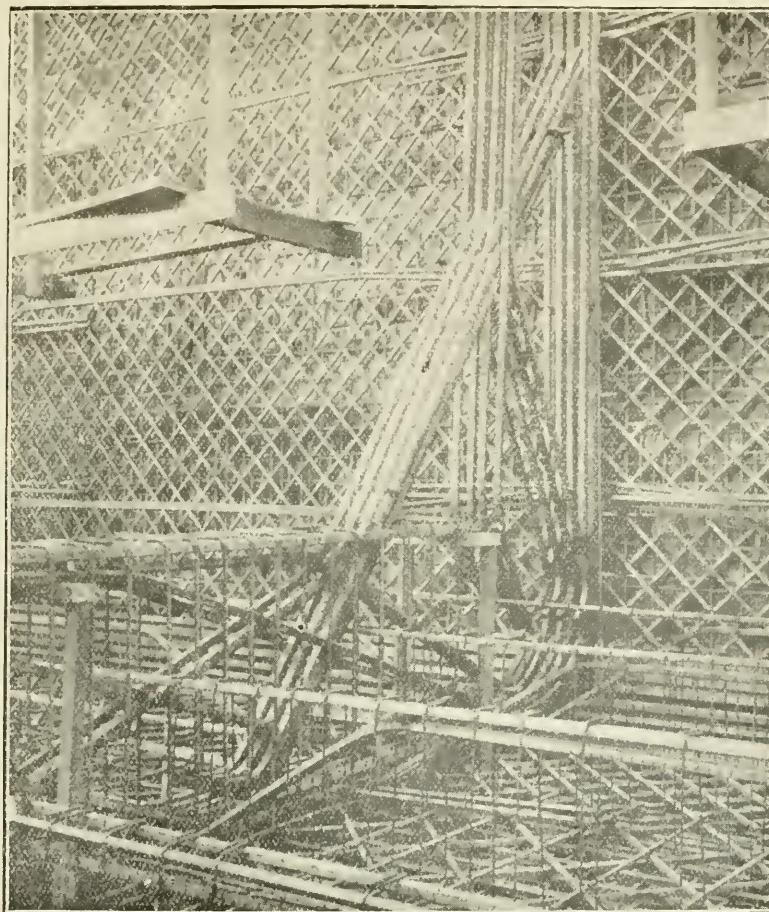
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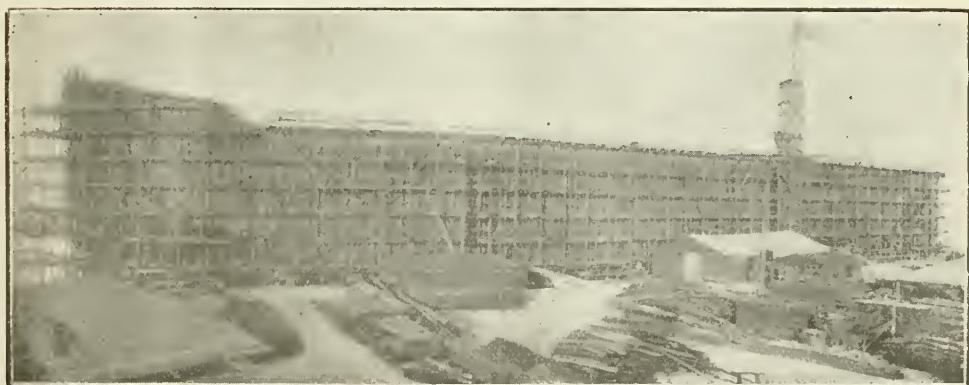
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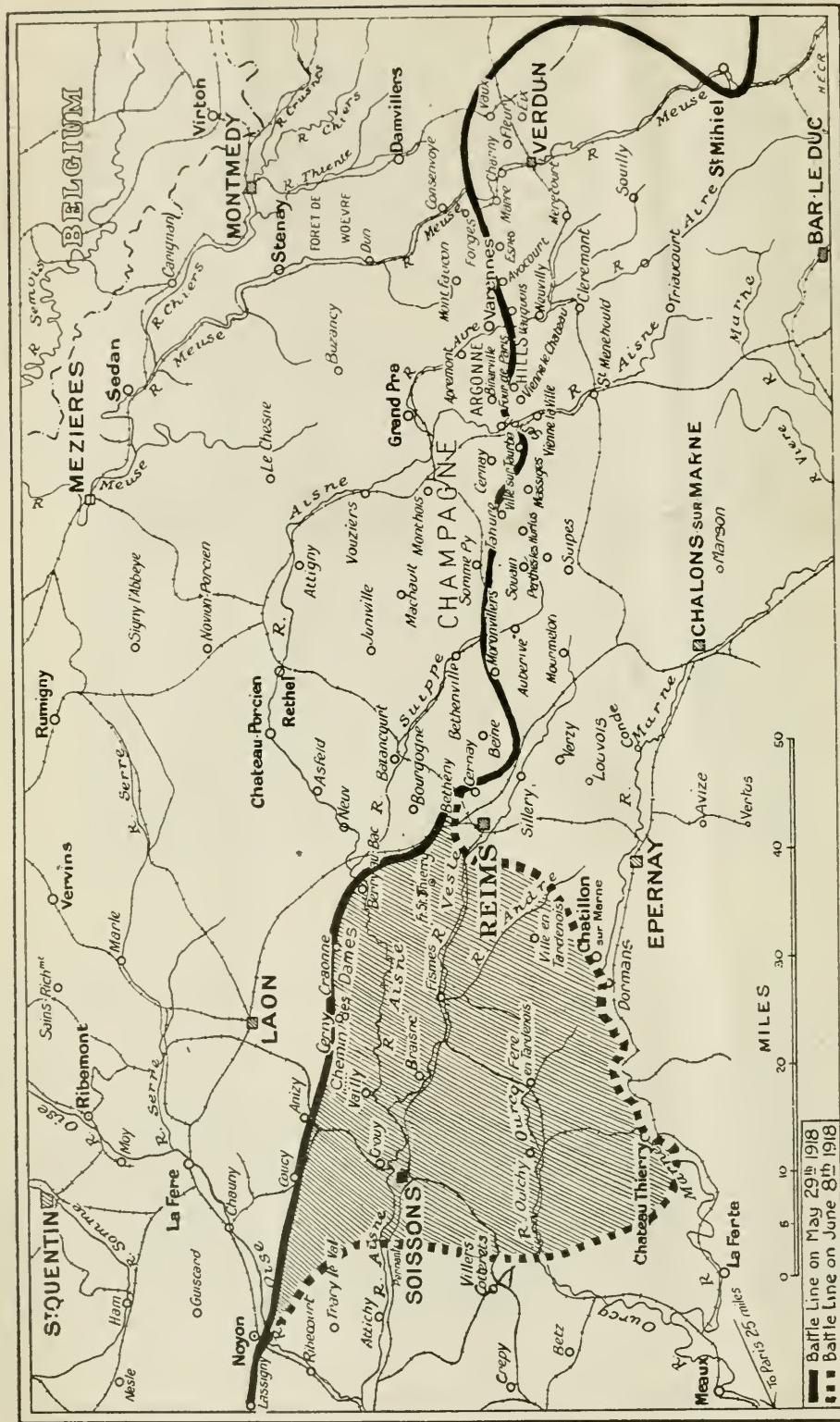


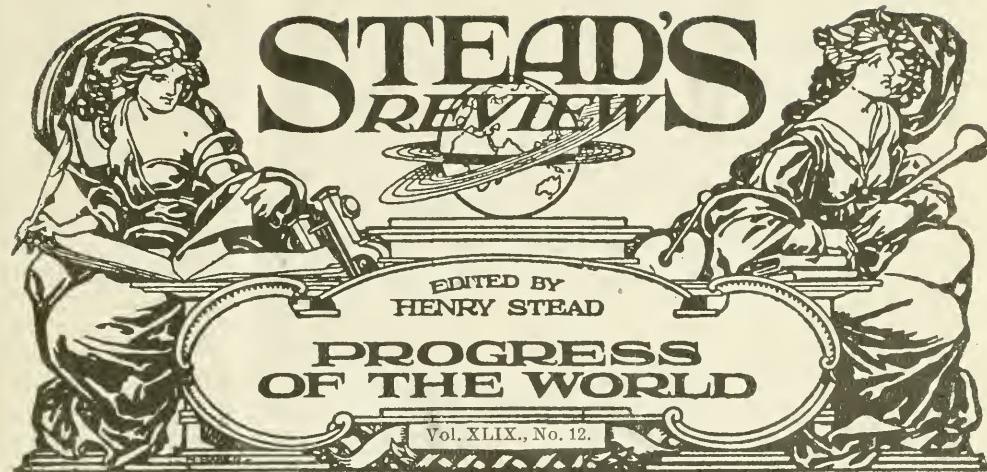
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JUNE 8, 1918.

The German Offensive.

The anxiously awaited enemy offensive began on Monday, May 27th. It was not launched against the front between Amiens and the Channel, as had been expected, but between Soissons and Rheims, due south towards the Marne. Nevertheless we have been assured that the Allied commanders were not caught napping, but were fully cognisant of the enemy intentions. After a heavy preliminary bombardment with gas shells the Germans rushed the famous *Chemin des Dames*, which had been wrested from them last year by the French after strenuous fighting. Once in possession of this important position, advance to the river Aisne was rapid, and next day cables told of the capture of Soissons, a most important distributing centre through which ran the main lines of communication between the Allied armies north and south of the Aisne. The enemy success at Soissons compelled the retirement of the troops about Rheims, and on the same day that the news of the fall of the place reached us we learned that the Germans were at Ft. Ste Thierry, four miles north-west of the shell-racked city. On the following day the enemy were reported across the Vesle, a stream parallel-

ing the Aisne, some six miles to the south. On May 31st a reassuring message from Generalissimo Foch declared that "the enemy wave was dying on the beach," but nevertheless the German progress continued uninterruptedly, and next day came the news that they had penetrated to the Marne, having advanced altogether some thirty miles in four days.

Again on the Marne.

Having reached this river they immediately set about securing their flanks, pushing westwards between Soissons and Chateau Thierry, on the Marne, and eastwards along the same river towards Epernay. The main French resistance developed between the rivers Ourcq and Marne, and appears to have held up the enemy some six miles west of Chateau Thierry. Further north, however, the Germans completed their occupation of Soissons, pushed six miles west of it along the Aisne, and managed to advance southwest of the place to the outskirts of the forest of Villers Cotterets. By now it would appear that coming thus from the north the enemy must have reached the Ourcq some distance to the west of the line the French are holding between that

stream and the Marne. If that be so, either the Germans must be at once dislodged or the French troops will be forced to abandon the attempt to hold up the enemy in the river triangle and withdraw westwards across the Ourecq. Before these lines appear that particular matter will have been settled one way or the other. Whilst the operations were going on the Germans also occupied themselves in "pinching out" the salient their advance to Soissons and beyond had created between Laon and Noyon. They were successful in this, and we may assume that the new front at the moment runs more or less direct from a point six miles west of Soissons to Noyon, and that the French are now holding a blunt sort of salient, apexed at Noyon, between Soissons and Montdidier. Much depends upon the topography of the land here, but it is not improbable that the enemy will endeavour to straighten the line by pushing further westwards along the Aisne until they reach the point where it meets the Oise, just north of Compeigne. That, however, is a minor matter, a question of readjustment, not a major operation.

The Encircling of Rheims.

The Germans have always hung on to the heights due east of Rheims, where, in the Paris rush of 1914, they found the French fortifications intact, and their line almost touched the Vesle river, six miles south-east of the city. The advance to the Marne outflanked the Allied forces between Rheims and Craonne, and they fell back, still clinging to the city, until their line bent round it in a great horseshoe. Obviously our troops are in a most dangerous position, for when the enemy can get their heavy guns into position on the heights they have won to the north and west, they can rake the salient in every part with shells. Therefore we may take it for granted that, unless a notable Allied counter attack compels the enemy to recoil from the Marne, or keeps them desperately busy at some other point on the western front, Rheims will be evacuated and will fall into the hands of the Kaiser. My own view is that the enemy will strive to reach Epernay before they make any serious attempt on Rheims, but I will deal with that point later. The Marne is a fairly large river, and will prove a formidable barrier to further enemy advance. It is improbable indeed that they will attempt to cross it, but will rest satisfied with possessing

themselves of the north bank. Equally, though, does the river interpose between the French and the foe, and therefore we need look for no attempt by General Foch to thrust the Germans back by a direct attack from the south. His effort will be made from the west, or from Chalons, in the east. For reasons I will presently explain, there seems to me no prospect whatever of a counter offensive from the east being successful, or even attempted. It must come from the west.

What the Enemy Has Won.

Before leaving this brief description of the enemy offensive to discuss the important question as to why it was made I would just indicate that, as shown on the map which frontispieces this number, week's advance has given the enemy some places of great strategic value. The *Chemin des Dames*, regarded as a necessary jumping-off place for any Allied offensive in this sector, has been lost. Soissons, admittedly a place of high importance, has fallen into enemy hands. The thirty-mile rush southwards has cut all the direct communications by road and rail between Paris and Rheims, and the majority of them between Paris and Chalons, the most important of all the distributing centres for Verdun. The Germans have secured an important railway along the Oise which will prove of great value in feeding their new front. They have got another railway which runs from Laon through Soissons to Villers Cotterets, and ultimately to Paris, have obtained possession of the entire line which connects Rheims with the Ourecq, and then on to the capital, and which has undoubtedly served as the main feeder for the French front along the Aisne for the last three years. Not only have they got railways, they have also got some of the finest highways in the world, so their new front will at once be supplied with all the communications it needs, and these link up automatically with those the Germans already have behind their old battle line. It may be that the French destroyed the railways as they retired, but that is by no means certain, for the advance was so rapid and apparently unexpected that there was little time to do this effectively. Even if there has been destruction, it takes very little time to repair, as the embankments are there, and rails can be quickly laid.

Territory, Prisoners and Stores.

The nearest point in the old front to Paris was 65 miles from the very centre

of the city. From Villers Cotterets it is only 45, and from Chateau Thierry, or, rather, from a point six miles west of that place, where the enemy now are, is also 45 miles. If the French are obliged to evacuate the river triangle, and the Germans reach the junction of the Ourcq and Marne, they will be only 33 miles from the capital, not 28 from the outskirts of the city proper. Some days ago the Germans claimed 55,000 prisoners, and obviously in so rapid an advance they must have secured great stores of supplies both of ammunition and food. No one denies that, as naturally the whole of the supplies for the Aisne portion of the French front, and much of what was needed for the Verdun sector must have been stored in the district. As the Germans overran this in four days there was not time to get much away. To summarise, the enemy offensive has given them some 500 square miles of French territory, has brought them 20 miles nearer Paris, has given them at least 55,000 prisoners and great stores, has brought them to the Marne, and must apparently give them Rheims. It has also imperilled the entire position at Verdun, as I will show. Unfortunately we cannot deny that the enemy have won an amazing success. True, a few people, ostrich-like, stick their heads in the sands of make-believe and pretend that this has not been a shrewd blow to the Allies, but most folks prefer to face the truth and, instead of minimising the hostile achievement, admit its extent and, having done so, have the more satisfaction in the success which has now attended Allied efforts to stop the advance and protect Paris.

Tell the Truth and Shame the Devil.

It is now being pretty universally acknowledged that for some inexplicable reason we have been for long allowed to hear but half the truth, and anything which might be assumed to discourage us has been suppressed. A great outcry is being made in England against this short-sighted policy, and high time, too. *The Westminster Gazette*, for instance, protests "against the censor's excising of the qualifying crucial passages in an article written by its military representative," and adds: "Major-General Maurice, of *The Daily Chronicle*, also complains of the censor's excisions, which made his comments more optimistic than he had intended." Truth in the end must out, and the clumsy attempts to hide it are to be deplored. Evi-

dently in reading optimistic comments on the war we must always bear in mind the fact that for some reason or other it is not deemed advisable to fully enlighten the people as to the real situation. Having for so long been a voice crying alone in the wilderness against the foolish camouflage employed by the powers that be, whose only result was to lull the people into a sense of false security, it is indeed pleasant to note the impatience of these methods now being shown, especially in the Sydney papers. Their comments, it is true, have always been far better than those which appear in Victorian newspapers, and they are now protesting against the "shallow, foolish optimism" which has hitherto been regarded as the proper spirit in which to report the war.

A Sydney Protest.

Commenting on the official account sent to Australia by the Secretary of State for the Colonies, the Sydney *Daily Telegraph* says: "The pity is that it is far too cheery to be cheering; indeed, this easy-going official optimism is rather depressing to all who realise that the storm may break any day now. . . . The object of these communications to the Dominions is apparently to help keep up our spirits and our confidence, out of a belief that we are all children, and have not the courage to look the facts in the face. It is the kind of treatment to which we have been subjected all through the war. . . . Before the March offensive the official and the inspired comment on the situation was just as optimistic as it is now. If in the coming offensive the Germans meet with the same measure of success as they did in that, it will bring them to the Channel ports and place the Allied cause in greater jeopardy than it has been since the battle of the Marne. . . . It is not a time to shut our eyes to facts and indulge in the shallow optimism that is the chief characteristic of the Secretary of State's communications." That was written before the Aisne offensive began. The Sydney *Sun* thus delivers itself on the same matter: "Comfort may be taken by weak hearts from such eyewash as the optimistic Mr. Walter Long recently circulated, but it is short lived in the face of cruel facts. A country which refuses to face the truth cannot reach salvation, cannot preserve liberty. Defeat cannot be converted into victory by a refusal to look at it."

Modern Defences Are Penetrable.

Had we been told the truth we would not have experienced that horrid shock of amazed surprise when the enemy launched their offensive last week. We are assured that every preparation had been made, that our leaders, thanks to our superiority in the air, were perfectly *au fait* with enemy intentions. We were more numerous, our artillery had established a permanent superiority, our airmen ruled the skies. And then a sudden blow falls, where and when unexpected, and the enemy surges forward through our most carefully prepared defences, for a distance of thirty miles, sweeping all before them. What does it mean? We suddenly learn that our troops are outnumbered by four, five or six to one, that enemy artillery drenched the defenders with gas shells, that their flyers chased ours from the air. Bewildered, we are forced to the conclusion that there was really no ground at all for the calm assumption that the enemy could not break through, could not concentrate large forces anywhere without our generals knowing about it, were blinded by our airmen, were dominated by our guns! Our long and bitter experience of trench warfare during the last two years has led us to assume that it was impossible for any troops to break through modern defences. All that could be done was to nibble and nibble until the slow process led to the outflanking of hostile positions which compelled retirement. That was the conviction held everywhere until March 21st last. On that day, it is now freely admitted, the Germans broke through our defences at La Fere, and their subsequent rapid advance was due to their being thus able to outflank our other strongly held positions. This success of the enemy was, however, explainable on the ground of surprise and the employment of new methods of attack. But what about this Aisne offensive? It was anticipated, prepared for. No new weapons of offence have been used, and yet the enemy gets through! During the two months that have elapsed since the Somme offensive, safeguards against the new methods of attack must have been devised; but they have obviously failed to hold the foe. We are thus forced to the conclusion that if the Germans care to pay the price they can by concentrating enough troops at any point, rush the Allied defences and secure a notable advance unless at once held up.

The Buffer Parallel.

The method of trench defence which has apparently been adopted by the Allies may be likened to the great buffers which are to be seen at most terminal stations. These are of sufficient strength and are long enough to stop a train even when this is going at a fair speed; but in so doing, they are forced back far into themselves. It is the same with the Allied defences. The first line is lightly held, the second more strongly, and the third in still greater strength. The enemy assault storms into the first trench, rushes on the second, but the men from both these, retiring on the third, make it immensely formidable, and the enemy is expected to fail to take it. Then by means of a counter attack the buffer springs back into position, and possession of the front trench is again established. Sometimes the enemy rush is so great that it is not arrested at the third line of defences, but sweeps over them to the fourth. Experience has shown that rarely does the attacking force get as far as that, but obviously the Germans both at La Fere and on the Aisne broke the buffers altogether. Correspondents telling of the enemy offensives, have declared that our leaders ask for nothing better than a fight in the open, a war of movement, in which we are assured we would show marked superiority. That is a view I cannot take. On another page there is a review of General von Freytag Loringen's book, *Deductions from the World War*, a book which is well worth studying. In it he points out that far more depends upon the training of the officer in open than in trench warfare, that strict discipline is absolutely necessary in a war of movement. It is possible to create an efficient army to hold trenches in a few months, but that army, placed in the open, having had no experience whatever of mobile fighting, would be at an immense disadvantage against an army whose officers had received long and careful training, whose men were accustomed to open warfare.

What Was the German Object?

The question which is exercising everyone just now is: Why have the Germans delivered their attack against Soissons and Rheims, instead of further north? An advance equal to that won to the Marne would have given them Abbeville, would have enabled them to reach the Channel. Instead of attempting this they drive south from

the Aisne, reach nowhere in particular, cut no vital communications. What possible object can they have in view? We are told that they wish to get Paris: that the offensive was not carefully planned, but was merely the follow-up of a local success. Many other things are suggested in explanation. We may, I think, at once dismiss the idea that this is merely a follow-up of a chance lucky attack. The speed with which the Germans rushed to the Marne demonstrates clearly that the offensive was most carefully prepared. Wave on wave of men swept through the gap, over the Aisne, down for thirty miles to the Marne. That was not improvised. The blow was premeditated, and must therefore have had some special object. Paris—perhaps, but I think not. To capture the capital would not end the war, would not cripple the French armies. Yet that a purposeful *threat* at Paris was intended I can well believe, and the object of that threat is obvious enough. For many months General Foch must husband his resources, keep his reserves back. If, then, it is his object to keep his reserves in hand, it is equally the desire of the enemy to force him to use them. They would compel him to throw them in somewhere or else keep them permanently on one spot. A threat at Paris would seem to be the easiest way to nail the Allied reserves to a short front, where the danger would be constant, and so great that they could not be moved to help resist an enemy offensive elsewhere. By this drive in the direction of Paris the enemy compel Foch to rush troops to the defence of the capital. If he failed to do this the Germans would undoubtedly advance further towards it, for although they might not actually propose to capture the place by the present offensive, they would nevertheless immediately seize the chance of so doing if the French failed to protect it adequately. We are told that all the three roads to Paris are now blocked with Allied troops, and that immense forces prevent further enemy progress. If that be so, then the reserves have been hastened to the spot, must stay there, and cannot be used elsewhere. This, I think, is one of the main objects the German commanders had in view. Once it has been achieved we may look for formidable offensives elsewhere. Our hope, of course, is that General Foch, commanding as he must a much more numerous army than that opposed to him, has enough reserves not only to make Paris safe, but also to launch an offensive him-

self somewhere and thus forestall the imminent enemy blow.

Verdun, Not Paris.

The other object was suggested in these pages several issues ago, when an attack between Rheims and Soissons was forecasted. The Germans have invariably shown themselves more concerned to capture troops than towns, and the French Army, rather than Paris, has ever been their objective. The map shows that, if they were able to push their advantage further east along the Marne, they would seriously threaten the Allied forces which are holding the entire front from Rheims to St. Mihiel, a mighty arc which has Verdun as its extreme limit towards Lorraine. From Dormans, where they originally struck the Marne, to Epernay, is fifteen miles, and although the cables are indefinite, they appear to have already advanced six miles towards the last named place, leaving nine miles still to cover if they would reach it. Epernay lies 14 miles due south of Rheims, but the enemy have long been in possession of the heights six miles south-east of that city, so that actually only some ten miles separates them from the Marne, a few miles east of Epernay. If they manage to secure this place the army about Rheims will have to retire hastily to avoid capture, and the moment it does so we may look for an enemy attempt to reach Chalons, the key to Verdun.

Trying to Capture an Army.

When the Crown Prince made his great, and futile, bid for Verdun, Joffre is said to have wished to abandon the place to him, it having, in his opinion, no military value. Popular sentiment, however, demanded its retention, and the epic of that heroic defence has thrilled the world. The reason why Joffre wanted to retire from the stronghold was because of the lack of adequate communications, only one railway and one road leading conveniently to it. The road has since been greatly widened and improved, and no doubt the railway has been notably added to; but both railway and road go through Chalons. Other roads, it is true, give access to Verdun, notably one through Bar le Duc, and a railway is also available through the same town, but that route is nothing like as convenient or as direct as the other. If, then, the Germans pushed on to Chalons, eighteen miles from Epernay, they would

have cut all the direct communications of the Verdun Army. Not only so, but they would have converted the Verdun terrain into a great salient in which would lie the whole of the Champagne and Verdun armies. To occupy so large a salient would not, in itself, be dangerous were communications safe; but, as I have just shown, the principal ones would have been cut, and all would be threatened. True, the threat might not be anything more than a bluff, but obviously as long as it was there the position of the armies in the salient would be exceedingly critical. If the enemy do indeed drive to Chalons, we may be perfectly certain that they would not merely threaten but would put forth every effort to narrow the fifty miles which would then separate their forces at Chalons and St. Mihiel. Once they began to do this with success, the withdrawal of the French armies in the Verdun area would be compelled. On the whole I regard the Aisne offensive as a drive against Verdun rather than against Paris, but consider even that as a second string to the German bow, the first being, as I have already explained, to nail Foch's reserve to the capital whilst a great offensive is launched elsewhere.

Enemy Man Power.

The ability of the Great General Staff to carry out another formidable drive depends altogether upon what German reserves are still available. We are assured that for last week's operation the Crown Prince did not call on any troops save those allotted to his own army, and that other commanders in the west were well provided with reserves. The strength of the enemy forces is one of the horribly surprising things of the war. Three years ago elaborate calculations by experts proved, to their own satisfaction at any rate, that the German Army had already passed its maximum strength, yet to-day we are amazed to read in the cables that in the last offensive the French and British were immensely outnumbered, and we are told that this superiority alone was the reason of the enemy success. We can only assume that they have so perfected their defences that they can afford to leave them very lightly guarded, and achieve their successful offensives with mobile forces which, in some mysterious manner, can be concentrated where they will, without our commanders becoming aware of such assembling.

German Method of Attack.

It must be the same with aeroplanes. Evidently the enemy refrain from flying, as a rule, contenting themselves with keeping enough planes in the air to supply them with the general information they require, and to interfere somewhat with our reconnaissance work. When, however, an offensive is toward, they concentrate their air machines as they concentrate their men, and before the Allies can mass reinforcement of soldiers or planes the mischief is done. In addition the enemy appear to have perfected the use of the gas shell. The high-explosive shell has been nullified by special means of defence, but thus far the gas shell has not been countered, and gas penetrating where the flying splinters of shell cannot, gives the enemy a temporary mastery over the areas they propose to attack. When the attack is launched everything seems to be sacrificed to speed, and new troops are rushed through the ranks of the original attackers, wave on wave, which cannot be denied. These tactics succeeded on the Somme, where the attack was somewhat of a surprise, and on the Aisne, where the defences were weakly held. Would they also succeed when we are fully prepared, and hold the front in force. One would imagine not, although experience alone can prove it. We may assume the front from Amiens to the Channel strongly held everywhere, and may look to see enemy assaults break against our defences. Did we not believe that the outlook would be dismal indeed, for an advance anywhere in Flanders and Picardy a third as great as that on the Aisne would bring the enemy right on to our communications and create a desperately serious position for all the Allied troops in Northern France.

Foch Bides His Time.

Before very long we may look, I think, for a mighty offensive between Amiens and Arras—possibly one further north—always providing Foch does not anticipate it by an offensive of his own. As he desires merely to hold on until the Americans come he may not risk it, but the surest defence is obviously attack in the present situation. If the Allied Generalissimo can adequately protect Paris without seriously draining his reserves, all enemy attacks north of Amiens ought ultimately to be repelled, but we know nothing at all about these reserves beyond the fact that they made no counter attack after the hostile advance

on the Somme, did not arrive quickly enough to prevent the enemy reaching the Marne. Everything depends upon these reserves, but we can take comfort from the knowledge that so great a military genius as Foch would never hazard these troops until the psychological moment; would rather lose territory than risk a premature combat. Thus far, although the Germans have won notable successes in their two offensives, they have achieved nothing very tangible. They have, it is true, got themselves into good positions for striking to the sea, at Paris, at Verdun; but they have nowhere imperilled our armies or won a victory which cripples the Allies. Foch may have the reserves which could have held up the German hosts sooner, may have been able to deliver a formidable counter attack, but so long as enemy advance does not seriously threaten our military position, he has held his hand, waiting. Let us hope, for the moment when the blow he can deliver will be a crushing one.

An Austrian Offensive Imminent.

Brilliant achievements of the Italian troops are reported from Rome, but there is no suggestion that the useful gains made in the Trentino district represent the beginning of a notable offensive against the Austrians. These operations are obviously in the nature of feelers to ascertain what the enemy is doing. It were foolish to attach great importance to them. I still expect a terrific Austrian offensive against Italy, and regard the delay in its delivery as being due rather to the weather than to internal trouble in Austria, though undoubtedly there have been serious disturbances there. But domestic wrangles must become very bad indeed before they will cripple the work of a great army far away on the Italian front. There are plenty of soldiers available to suppress any Anti-Austrian movement in Bohemia and Bosnia, for the peace with Roumania and the settlement with Russia have liberated perhaps two-thirds of the entire Austro-Hungarian armies for use elsewhere. The German General Staff, engaged itself in a mighty campaign in the west, is certain to look for assistance to an Austrian offensive from the Trentino. For one thing, this prevents the Italians from sending any reinforcements to France. As so often pointed out, the unfortunate geographical position in which the defenders of Italy find themselves must cause the gravest concern in view of the fact that the Austrian troops, when the

great assault is made, will be German directed. Before the end of the month the enemy offensive should have begun. If it has not been delivered by then we may hope that, for some reason or other, Austria is not going to be persuaded to strike. There have been reports concerning the massing of Austrian troops in France, but I still hold that the only help the Austrians will give in the west is by sending guns there. They can far more effectively aid the Germans by driving down from the Trentino than by swelling the Teutonic hosts in France.

The Finns and Germany.

Scandinavian papers to hand have much to say about the Finnish position. It appears that Denmark, Norway and Sweden conjointly offered to intervene and restore order in Finland. In this connection a special delegation of Socialist members was sent across the Gulf via the Aland Islands. When there these neutrals narrowly escaped death at the hands of the Red Guards, the irony of the situation being emphasised by their rescue by German soldiers! The Finnish leaders declined altogether to countenance Scandinavian intervention—possibly they feared that beneath the offer lay a design of union with Sweden. At any rate, having emphatically refused the assistance of their cousins in the west, they welcomed the Germans with open arms, and it was indeed at their invitation that the Kaiser sent troops to Finland. Here is a striking illustration of the difficulty of the Allies ever undoing the settlements now being made in Russia. I have insistently pointed this out, and could ask for no better demonstration of the truth of my statement than this. The Finns themselves request the Germans to come over and help them, refuse to permit the intervention of their own relatives and friendly neighbours. A stable government will be set up in Finland, owing to the German demand the borders of the country have been enlarged to enable it to have an ice-free port, and order has been restored—with a high hand, it is true, but nevertheless restored—throughout the length and breadth of the land.

Impossibility of Rearrangement.

In the same way, how would the Roumanians regard a rectification of their borders which, whilst it might give them parts of Transylvania, would yet deprive them of

Bessarabia. On paper they might be commercially freed from the domination of the Central Empires, but actually their geographical position, their own needs and the nature of their exports must force them to trade almost exclusively with their Teutonic neighbours. When we turn to Ukrainia, how are we going to arrive at any solution satisfactory to the Little Russians if we are to redeem our promise to the Poles? The latter not only want Kholm, half of which is admittedly peopled by Little Russians, but also demand Suwalki, where dwell the Letts, and Grodno, a province inhabited almost entirely by Lithuanians and White Russians. If we re-establish the Polish State, with the boundaries the Poles insist on having, we cannot fail to antagonise the Little Russians, the Lithuanians and the Letts, to say nothing of the Austrians and the Germans. I do not suggest for a moment that had the Allies had the ordering of things they could not have evolved a far better solution of the matter. They could no doubt have created independent States of Ukrainia, Lithuania, Poland and Courland, which would have more closely and equitably followed ethnological boundaries, than do those set up with the help of Germany. What I do contend, however, is that these States, having been brought into being, and having had time to set their own houses in order, will strongly object to any rearrangement which deprives them of territory or outlets they have obtained with Teutonic assistance.

A Windowless Russia.

It is reported from Petrograd that the Russian Government has accepted the German suggestion that the western part of the Murnam coast should be ceded to Finland "in the hope that armed complications and bloodshed will be avoided." Now the ice-free port which Russia has developed with so much labour is situated in the western portion of the Murnam coast. Presumably, therefore, this is included in the cession, and the railway, too, will fall to the Finns. When the Russians decided to link up Alexandrovsk with Petrograd, they determined to run the railway wholly in Russian territory, and rejected the idea of connecting the port with the Finnish system—a far easier task. Reports concerning the new railway are contradictory; some say it is completed, others that links are still missing, but all seem to agree that the section from Alexandrovsk to Kandalaksha, close to the Finnish border,

is already built. To connect this place with Tornia, the northern terminal of the railways of Finland, would not be at all a difficult matter. But if the Bolsheviks have handed over their ice-free port in the north—having already been cut off from the Black Sea by Ukrainia and the Cossack provinces, and having lost Libau, Helsingfors and Reval—the only ports they have left are Petrograd and Archangel. The latter is frozen up for five months of the year, the former stands on the Gulf of Finland, which is impassable for a couple of months or more, and is completely dominated by the Finnish stronghold of Helsingfors and the Estonia fortress of Reval. By the cession of Alexandrovsk—a port kept free of ice the year round by the Gulf Stream—the Russians have given the Finns an outlet to the world at all times, but by relinquishing it they have deprived Russia proper, with its hundred million people, of the only window to the world left them. Trouble is reported in Ukraine and elsewhere, but the Germans, obviously acting in alliance with a powerful party in the new State, are not likely to be greatly concerned, nor is their action in the west likely to be much handicapped by happenings in the east.

In the Levant.

Cables tell of a Turkish reverse at Kars. The enemy took this place some months ago, and apparently pushed on rapidly into Persia, using the railway to Tabriz. There cannot possibly be any very formidable army opposing them, as lack of military supplies must force the Caucasians and Armenians to carry on a guerilla warfare which, whilst very harassing, cannot permanently check enemy advance. In Mesopotamia the Turks seem to have won some advantage. Early in May the Anglo-Indian forces pushed on to Kirkuk 80 miles south-east of Mosul, and 145 miles due north of Bagdad. Bad weather prevented the immediate following up of this success, but our cavalry were soon 24 miles north of Kirkuk, driving the enemy towards Mosul. The possession of Kirkuk was regarded as specially valuable, as it was on the direct line of communications between Turkey and Persia, and its capture deeply impressed the Persian border tribes, who came over to our side as a result. The Turks now claim to have pushed us out of the place, and to have advanced 25 miles south of the town, compelling our forces to withdraw some 50 miles in all.

No news comes from Palestine, where we appear to rest content with the west bank of the Jordan. A Grecian success is reported from Salonika, but we dare hardly expect much activity in the Balkans now.

The Exchange of Prisoners.

In our last issue mention was made of the arrangement for exchanging French and German prisoners. At that time the full details had not reached Australia, and, even yet, we are ignorant of many of them. It appears, however, that prisoners so exchanged may not be used on the battle-fronts, but are not prevented from serving on garrison duty or working in war industries. The first batch of German prisoners has already been dispatched from France. Following the French example, Great Britain is now anxious to make arrangements for exchange, and a special delegation has been sent to The Hague to negotiate with German representatives in the matter. The British Mission consisted of Sir George Cave, Home Secretary; Lord Newton, Minister in Charge of Prisoners; and Lieut.-General Sir Herbert Belfield, who also represented Great Britain at the previous prisoners conference. Before the La Fere offensive the Germans had only about 60,000 British combatant prisoners to the 130,000 German soldiers captured by Haig's men. Now, however, the number is almost equal, for the War Office recently announced officially that Great Britain held 129,213 German combatant prisoners, while Germany held approximately 124,000 of our men. The 60,000 or so captured this year will have to wait until the middle of 1919 before exchange can be effected, but almost all of the others were taken in the early days of the war, and will, therefore, be exchanged at once. Apparently many of the German prisoners captured by the British remain in France, for Lord Newton stated recently that the total number of combatant prisoners of war in Great Britain was 49,817, of whom 28,050 are permanently employed, chiefly in agriculture, the remainder are men unfit for work.

U-Boats off New York.

The dramatic appearance of German U boats off New York created a sensation, and temporarily interrupted sailings from American ports. The object of the visit was clearly to force the Americans to "shut the door to France," but it is cer-

tain that its closing will be but temporary. No matter what dangers threaten, supplies must be sent to the army in France, and to feed the Allies. Well-convoyed ships seem to be safe, it is only the unconvoyed vessels which fall victims. The U boats in question sunk thirteen, or perhaps fifteen ships, but the majority were sailing craft of small size. The only large steamers sunk were the *Carolina*, a 5000-ton American vessel, and the Dutch liner *Texel*, 7000 tons. Two tank steamers of a couple of thousand tons each are reported missing, also four large schooners, each over 1000 tons, and several smaller craft. All appear to have been making towards New York. Submarines have been across the Atlantic before now, but these U boats are probably of larger size than previous visitors. The difficulties of raiding near the American coast are obvious enough, patrols of torpedo boats and aircraft making the waters highly unsafe for submarines, but whilst the importance of this particular raid may easily be exaggerated, it undoubtedly demonstrates the determination of the enemy to no longer confine their operations to the declared blockade area. This will compel the convoying of ships right across the Atlantic instead of only part way, and will therefore tie up more war craft than before for this purpose. No doubt, too, it will, for the time being, interrupt the coastal trade of the United States, and interfere with sailings for South American ports, but it is absurd to assume that it will seriously hamper the despatching of troops and supplies from the States to Europe. No particulars of submarine sinking have been published this week, but obviously the toll has been pretty heavy, as the sinkings outside New York and the torpedoing of the *President Lincoln* alone account for 50,000 tons sent to the bottom.

Ship-building in U.S.A.

Splendid accounts of rapid ship-building come from America daily, but this must not blind us to the fact that, even yet, the Americans are far below a monthly average which would turn out the needed 6,000,000 tons a year. We learn that during May 44 vessels were completed, with a deadweight tonnage of 263,570 tons—or about 200,000 net tonnage in which British statements are given. This building rate, if maintained, would mean 3,163,000 deadweight tons in a year, or,

2,400,000 net tons. We anticipate, however, that this rate will steadily increase. For the year, however, if 6,000,000 net tons are to be turned out it will be necessary for no less than 4,200,000 tons to be built during the remaining seven months of 1918, or an average of 600,000 tons every month. That is to say, the Americans will have to do three times as well this month as they did last, and do equally well in every month following, or, if they only manage to increase their output at the rate of 100,000 tons a month, they would have to do that continuously till the end of the year, producing no less than 900,000 net tons in December, if the required 6,000,000 tons are to be obtained. During the first five months of this year we are officially informed 170 vessels, with a deadweight tonnage of 1,112,897—a net tonnage of 834,000—have been built, an average of 167,000 tons monthly, so that the May average is, after all, not so much higher.

Mr. Hughes' Latest Scheme.

Mr. Hughes, safely arrived at New York, there declared a Monroe Doctrine for the Pacific—whatever that may mean. His statement, we are told, has been well received in Great Britain and America. For the Prime Minister of one of the Dominions to declare a protectorate over the Pacific, a matter of purely Imperial concern, is extraordinary. Of course it brings him well into the limelight, but apart from that can have little real significance. Whatever is done in the Pacific must be done, so far as Australia is concerned, under direction from the Imperial Government, and Great Britain itself cannot possibly set about the establishing of the *status quo* in the Pacific without consultation with the other Powers concerned. The Monroe Doctrine was adopted by the United States, far the greatest Power in the New World, with the object of preventing European monarchs from interfering in the newly formed republics of Central and South America—states which had recently severed their connection with the Spanish and Portuguese Empires. But the Monroe Doctrine permitted these States to fight amongst themselves as much as they pleased, to rearrange their boundaries, and to do whatever seemed good to them. The Doctrine was actually a mantle thrown over them to protect them from outside interference. In the Pacific there are no small states that require protecting. The *status quo* in

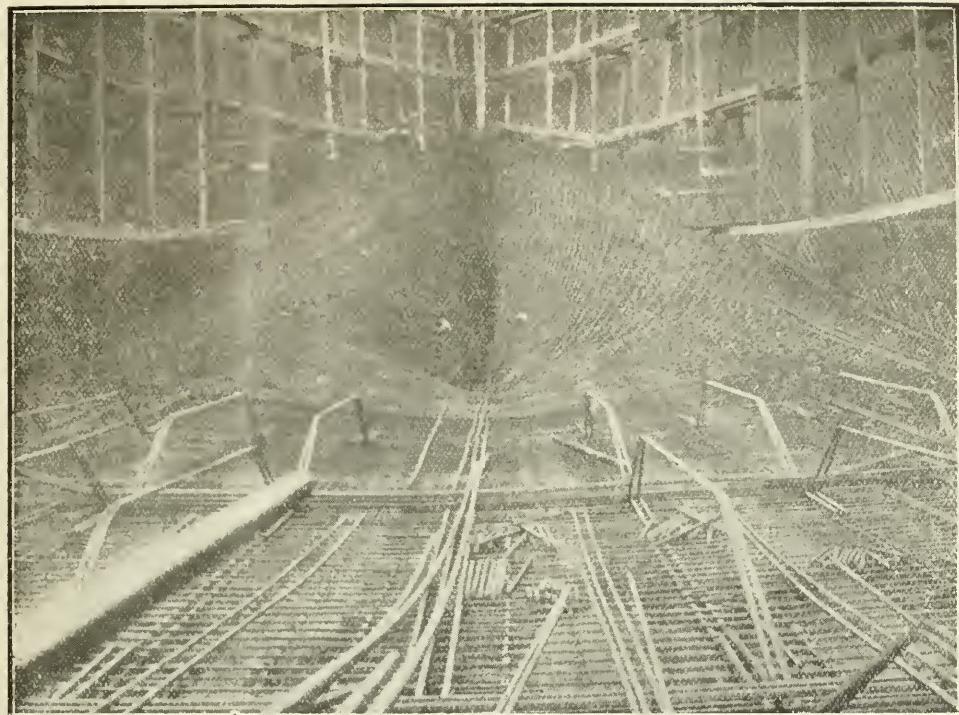
the Pacific can only be permanently maintained if it is guaranteed by a League of Nations, which includes all the Great Powers of the world. If Mr. Hughes's outburst means that he now approves of the idea of such a League, those in favour of it will no doubt rejoice to have so notable a convert! If, on the other hand, he hopes to have Australia play the rôle in the Pacific that the United States has played in the New World, he shows a signal lack of appreciation of our place in the Empire and that Empire's place in the world.

New Zealand.

Considerable agitation has taken place regarding the pay and allowance of the Second Division. The Government has now made further concessions, and the rate stands:—Soldier's pay, £1/15/-; wife's allowance, £1/1/-; each child, 10/6 per week. An allowance of 10/6 each per week may be granted to a widowed mother and dependent sister, the conditions being that the soldier contributed to their support prior to enlistment. The continued agitation is responsible for these rates being granted, and the Second Revision League is still contending for something in the shape of a nest egg when the soldier returns.

The Military Medical Boards are now dealing with Class B (married men with one child) of the Second Division. The official figures show that of nearly 7000 examined the percentage of fit men in this class was 37.11. Experience is proving that men of 35 years and upwards, when taken in the bulk, do not provide much material with which to make soldiers. All the Class B men have now been called, and an early start was promised with Class C (married men with two children). A difficulty has arisen with transport, however, and it is probable that this may delay the balloting of this class.

Several men have been sentenced for sedition during the month, a clergyman being amongst the number. Three of the men sentenced got into trouble at a Second Division meeting. They were responsible for a hurriedly prepared amendment. It was put to the meeting by the Mayor of Christchurch, who, in evidence, declared that he did not realise its significance. The three men put forward the same plea, but they were found guilty and sentenced.



BUILDING A CONCRETE SHIP AT SAN FRANCISCO.

The interior of the prow, showing reinforcing rods and the outer moulds in position ready for pouring.

CONCRETE SHIPS.

Concrete ships have figured very largely in the newspapers recently, and we are assured that the 7000 ton craft made of this material in America have proved themselves seaworthy, and successful in every other way. This has led to the assumption that it would be possible to turn out vast quantities of this type of ship with great celerity. In the popular mind all that is necessary is to pour cement into a mould, and, behold, a ship appears! Actually, however, the building of a concrete ship is nothing like as simple as that, and it is practically certain that the making of these vessels is only justified as a war measure.

Some exceedingly interesting papers on the subject were recently read before the Institute of Naval Architects in London. These are found reported in full in *Engineering*. Major Maurice Denny, of the well-known ship-building firm, dealt with the whole question, and touched also on the most important point

of all, the earning capacity of these ships. He said that, up to the present, steel has proved to be the material which gives the greatest return for capital invested, and no material inferior in this respect will permanently displace steel from its position. Dealing with the general use of reinforced concrete for ships he says that considerations of weight require that the cover of concrete over the steel should be reduced to a minimum, but he considers it doubtful whether a thickness of concrete of about half an inch will permanently effectively insulate the reinforcing steel.

Steel embedded in concrete is entirely protected from corrosion, and the principal source of deterioration in steel ships is consequently removed. It is obvious, however, he says, that if the envelope of concrete be ruptured in such a manner as to allow water to come in contact with the steel, deterioration will at once set in, and will be the more dangerous in that its presence may not be readily

detected. There is every reason to expect cracks in the concrete, but the volume of opinion seems to be that these cracks are so minute as not to permit any ingress of liquid nor impair the efficiency of the member as a whole. Water-tightness is naturally one of the points which the naval architect insists on above everything else, and, in order to secure this in these ships, two methods are employed.

First, a water-proofing compound may be mixed with the concrete; second, the finished surface may be covered with a suitable non-porous material. The former idea has now been abandoned, but the latter is generally used. Experience has shown that, though leakage occurs when concrete is first subjected to water pressure, it gradually diminishes in quantity, and finally ceases altogether.

At certain seasons of the year the construction of reinforced concrete vessels may be adversely affected by climatic conditions, a consideration entirely absent from steel ship-building, except in so far as the human element is concerned. In frosty weather concreting must not proceed at all, and too rapid drying must be guarded against in the presence of strong sunshine or high winds. After the vessel has been constructed, however, it does not appear that atmospheric influences have any considerable effect; piles in salt water, exposed to very severe conditions in the form of alternate wetting and drying at all seasons of the year, showing no signs of deterioration.

There are two methods of building ships—the monolithic and the sectional. In the first, as the name suggests, the entire vessel is cast as a whole; in the second sections are cast at a time and joined together. For the monolithic method, therefore, it is necessary to employ a large number of hands to make the necessary pouring a continuous operation. In practice it is found impossible to apply the truly monolithic structure to anything but small ships. After the reinforcing bars are in place on the frame work, the concrete is introduced. This is done by pouring it between two walls or shutters, one on the outer side and one on the inner. As the space between them is relatively small, and is threaded by a network of reinforcing steel rods, it is impossible for the concrete to flow evenly between them. Only one wall, therefore, is completed at the beginning, and the other rises in stages as the concrete introduces. Great care and skill on the part of the

workmen engaged in the construction is required.

Major Denny points out that similar operations in land work are effected under much less stringent conditions. Undoubtedly a class of skilled artisans will have to be developed in reinforced concrete ship-building yards to take charge of this particular work. In the sectional method of building portions of the structure are cast from moulds which should be capable of being used a large number of times. The sections are then assembled and "grouted" together.

The advocates of the sectional system state that water-tightness is not difficult of attainment, and that cracks due to the contraction of the concrete on setting are less likely to develop than in the monolithic ship. A complete answer to these two claims will be afforded only by the practical results of ships on service. The sectional system, however, undoubtedly dispenses with a considerable amount of shuttering, and is susceptible to standardisation of parts to a much greater degree than in the monolithic system.

The launching of a concrete vessel is a more difficult matter than that of a steel ship, for the latter when ready for launching, is as fit to resist stresses as she will ever be. On the other hand, the process of maturing concrete extends over a period of years, and when launched the concrete ship is not as strong as she will be later on. Major Denny, therefore, advocates that the vessel should be constructed in such a situation that she may be water-borne without being subjected to stresses as severe as those imposed by launching, thus reducing the period which must elapse between the completion of the pouring and the floating.

He goes into an elaborate calculation concerning the strength of the material as compared with steel, but that is too technical for us to touch on here. Everyone, however, can understand his comparisons between steel and reinforced concrete vessels of the same size. Owing to the increasing amount of steel required as the size of the ship increases, Major Denny comes to the conclusion that it will never pay to build concrete vessels of a greater size than 6000 tons. They could, of course, be made much larger than that, but there would be no saving at all in the cost of production. He reckons that in a 500-ton barge the weight of reinforcing steel

would be 11 per cent., in a 1000-ton barge 14 per cent., in a 6000-ton steamer 22 per cent. Others, however, state that considerably more than 22 per cent. would be required.

A detailed comparison of the technical particulars of a 6000-ton deadweight steamer will be of interest. It is observed, however, that while the figures quoted for the steel ship are probably accurate, the weight of the reinforced concrete hull is purely estimated, represents a much larger vessel than has yet been attempted in the new material, and lacks the confirmation of practice. With this proviso it may be added that it seems reasonable, though without erring on the heavy side.

	Steel, Reinforced Concrete.	
	Ft.	Ft.
Length	375	375
Displacement	9900	9900
Steel	1920	680
Concrete	—	2470
Wood and outfit	400	350
Machinery	570	570
Lightweight	2890	4070
Deadweight	7010	5830

From the above it will be noted that 1180 tons of deadweight is lost, or 17 per cent. of that carried in the steel ship; that the bare hull of the concrete ship is 65 per cent. heavier than that of the steel ship, and that the light weight of the concrete ship is 40 per cent. greater than that of the steel ship.

This loss of deadweight is the main factor in the determination as to whether reinforced concrete vessels can be used

in normal times. With regard to cost Major Denny states that the total cost of a 275 foot steamer, if built in steel would be in the following proportions: the bare hull 50 per cent., machinery 30 per cent., remainder 20 per cent. If it be allowed that the deadweight carried is a measure of the earning capacity a reduction of 17 per cent. in this respect must be balanced by a corresponding reduction in the prime cost of the ship. After working the matter out exhaustively in mathematical tables, he arrives at the conclusion that under no circumstances whatever must the cost of the bare concrete hull exceed 68 per cent. of that of the bare steel hull, and that when freights are low the concrete ship cannot pay expenses. Further, that when the steel ship is only earning 20 per cent. profit the cost of the bare concrete hull must not exceed 34 per cent. of the cost of the bare steel hull if the same percentage of profit is to be earned by the concrete ship.

The general conclusion at which one arrives after reading Major Denny's paper, and the discussion thereon is that whilst as a war measure concrete ships are likely to be exceedingly useful, when we get back to normal times and low freights they will not be able to hold their own against their steel competitors.

THE ALLIED GENERALISSIMO.

The Allies have supreme faith in General Foch, and look to him to save the situation in France, to check the Germans, and finally to drive them out of the country. This man who, in the hour of desperate need, was called to assume supreme control over all the Allied armies in France, is everywhere regarded as the greatest military genius the war has produced on our side. A most interesting account of him, written by Charles Baussan, appears in the Irish quarterly *Studies*.

Ferdinand Foch, he says, was born at Tarbes on August 4th, 1851, of a deeply religious family. It is a curious coincidence that his father's name was Napoleon, and that the house in which the future general was born stood at the angle of the Alées Napoleon. In the patois of Languedoc *foch* means fire. Of the General's brothers, one is a lawyer, and the other a Jesuit. His

father was Secretary-General of the Prefecture, and his career in the civil service made him a dweller in many cities. Young Ferdinand received his schooling at Tarbes, at Rodez, at the Jesuit College of St. Etienne, and at the College of St. Clarement at Metz. Everywhere he showed the same keenness for study, the same exemplary conduct.

Precision and method were already notable features of his mental equipment. "A geometric mind," said his master early in his school-days; "he is made for the Polytechnique"—the great French nursery of strategists and mathematicians. But he was equally successful in literary studies. For history he had a passion; happening upon Thiers' "History of the Consulate and Empire," at the age of twelve, he did not stop till he had finished the last volume. Thus early he lived in imagination among the great battles whose tradition he was afterwards to continue in the field.

When he became a lieutenant he went to the garrison at Tarbes, then to the

cavalry school at Saumur, and in 1884 to the Ecole de Guerre. In 1896 he was a major of artillery, and became assistant professor of strategy and general tactics at this school, where he remained until 1901. From 1901 to 1906 he advanced by slow degrees to the rank of Brigadier, but his religious convictions blocked the road to speedy promotion. In 1911 he was a general of division; in 1912 he visited England as the head of the French military mission at the British manoeuvres. He was in command of the 20th army corps at Nancy when the war broke out. He has always been with the troops, and has had every opportunity of trying out his theories and studies, but it is chiefly as a teacher at the Ecole de Guerre that he made his influence felt in the army staffs, and gave a definite direction to French tactics. A worker himself, he made others work. "Don't tell me the problem is difficult," he exclaimed, addressing the Commander of an Army Corps. "If it were not, it would not be a problem. If we have heads, it is to use them. What else are we here for?"

His teaching is summarised in two works, the aim of which is to give officers the intellectual direction required for thinking out a reasoned manoeuvre. "My pages," he says, "are bonfires on the peaks to guide the mariner in the storm." He believes entirely that the offensive is the road to victory. "An offensive properly manoeuvred will beat down any resistance. A passive defence can only end in defeat. A haphazard offensive will come to nothing. Victory is to the army that can manoeuvre, that is to say, to those best instructed." That the General foresaw the characteristic features of the present war is shown by the following words:—"In future soldiers will use the spade and pick as much as the rifle. . . . The lines of the battle front will extend beyond all known or even imagined limits. . . . Cavalry will have to fight on foot with the carbine or rifle." It was he also at the beginning of the war who foretold its course in three memorable words, "*long, dur, sur.*" He considers that a battle is won when defeat has been steadfastly refused, and proved the truth of this view by his actions on the Marne and at Ypres. "A country calling itself France cannot disappear," he says, "and to be beaten is to disappear."

He has always been a practising Catholic, manifesting his religion with a noble simplicity, even when his military prospects had to suffer for it. He would never sacrifice his faith to his career, to his much-loved work at the Ecole de Guerre, nor even to the object to which his life was consecrated, the training of the leaders who were to defend his country, and to give her victory. He would purchase nothing by a betrayal of the faith, or by so much as the semblance of one.

M. Clemenceau in 1907 was Prime Minister of France, and in the search for a Director of the Ecole de Guerre he interviewed general after general. When Foch's turn came, Clemenceau asked him to remain for *dejeuner*, at which they talked of everything except the Ecole.

At dessert Clemenceau said point-blank:

"I have a piece of news for you. You are appointed Director of the Ecole de Guerre."

"But I am not a candidate!"

"Possibly; nevertheless you are appointed, and I am sure you will do good work there."

The General expressed his thanks. Then a scruple occurred to him.

"You are not aware, sir, that I have a brother a Jesuit?"

"Your brother is a Jesuit!" said Clemenceau. "What do I care about that, General—or, rather, Monsieur le Directeur? You are appointed, and all the Jesuits can't change it."

General Foch has the simple piety of the man who kneels down with the rest, the faith which sees the hand of God in all that happens.

M. Baussan gives various instances of the piety of the General. In the Corpus Christi procession in 1915, for instance, he walked with the rest, and knelt down in the dust with the others at the Benediction. In September, 1914, he met the divisional chaplain just after he had received Joffre's orders: "A corps which is unable to advance must die at its post rather than retreat."

Foch went over to the priest, shook his hand warmly, and said to him before his staff, "Father, as I told you this morning, we are to make our supreme effort in arms to-morrow. Do you also make a supreme effort in prayer. All my trust is in God. Au revoir."

The day after the victory of the Marne, in answer to the congratulations of the Bishop of Cahors, Foch wrote:—"Monsieur, do not thank me, but Him to Whom alone victory belongs."

Mr. Baussan gives a brief account of the more important operations in which General Foch has engaged, and states that "had it not been for the stand made by the 9th Army, had that army not had a Foch for its commander, the plan inspired by the genius of Gallieni would

have failed, and there would have been no victory of the Marne. Gallieni and Maunoury were the hammers, but Foch was the anvil on which victory was forged." It was on this occasion, when two of his divisions had fallen back having lost almost all their officers, and two of his corps were threatened with envelopment, that he sent to Joffre the famous dispatch: "Outflanked on the right; outflanked on the left; situation on the whole excellent; am going to advance." It was he who finally beat the enemy in the race to the sea by opening the sluices at Nieuport and flooding the country. At that time he said "an embankment four feet high saved France." During the battle of Ypres, in which the British took a great part, Field-Marshal French considered it advisable to abandon the town and went to consult Foch. The General said to the British Commander:—

"The Germans have sixteen army corps on our front; we have ten, including your command. If you were to retire, I would remain here with eight, one against two. Remain! . . . As for me, come what may, and if it costs my life, I will not give way; I give you my word for it as a soldier. Give me yours."

"Yes," said French gravely. And he grasped Foch's hand.

General Foch then drew up the plan of a counter-attack, which was countersigned by French and executed by Haig, d'Urbal and Dubois.

Going to and fro between King Albert and Field-Marshal French, he won his Allies before beating the Germans. His vast military knowledge, his authority, so necessary to

the common victory, were always cloaked in his geniality and good humour. Never disturbed, always on the spot at the worst moments, a smile and a joke on his lips, he overcame objections, solved doubts, gave reassurance and encouragement. He supported on his right or on his left, the ally who was too hard pressed and was weakening. He was the brain that set all in motion, the heart that sent the blood throughout the body.

At critical moments, in addition to the calculations which are the fruit of his technical knowledge, he has sudden and saving inspirations. "God sends me ideas," says this man of faith and prayer.

"He is just the same ever since the war began," say the soldiers. With his air of combined simplicity and distinction, a penetrating look in his steel-grey eyes, his stubby moustache, as he chewed the end of a rarely lit cigar, he was always ready for whatever might happen. Confidence went out from him; he radiated tranquility and security. Unflagging energy, imperturbable good humour—the good humour of his compatriot Henry IV.—such are the two leading traits of his character, the two sources of his strength; the two combined make invincibility.

Since Mr. Baussan wrote Foch has been made Generalissimo, but for long his has been the directing brain of all the French operations. In conclusion, Mr. Baussan says of him:—

A commander who combines method and daring, technical knowledge and the intuition of genius, knowledge of military history and knowledge of man and of the springs of his action, a commander who knows how to wait and how to rush forward, whose clear intellect and vigorous will rest on the basis of duty, patriotism, and faith in God—who shall say that such a man has not in him to plan victory and to carry out his plan?

THE GREAT TWIN BRETHREN OF GERMANY.

Under the title of "The Actual Master of Germany," Count Henri Carre gives an account of General von Ludendorf, in *La Revue*. Naturally he takes a very hostile view of this remarkable German, but nevertheless gives some interesting particulars about his rise and his personality. Describing his appearance he says that he is of middle size, and rather stocky. He has deep blue eyes, a blond moustache and a long nose. He is exceedingly energetic and vigorous. His head gives the impression of high intelligence, and he has the general appearance of a man of culture and extreme vivacity. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than

exists between him and his redoubtable chief von Hindenburg. Ludendorf does not belong to the nobility, as is generally supposed, whereas von Hindenburg does.

The present Quartermaster-General was nurtured in the pure tradition of von Moltke, is extremely methodical, and has remarkable organising ability. He has extraordinary powers of assimilation and is an indefatigable worker. More master of himself, more able to concentrate than von Hindenburg, he does not make his staff tremble by terrible outbursts of rage, as does the Field Marshal, but nevertheless he is no less hard, no less implacable. He was

born at Kruszevina, a province of Prussian Poland, in 1865. When seventeen he entered the school of cadets, and became a second lieutenant of the 57th regiment of infantry in 1882. He served next as lieutenant in the 1st battalion of marines at Kiel, then in the 8th Grenadiers at Frankfurt. He then entered the War Academy, which he left as captain in 1895. He was then 30 years old, and to reach this grade so young, says the Count, is even more remarkable in the German army than in the French.

He was next attached to the General Staff at Berlin, where he remained for many years. He commanded a company of the 61st infantry at Thorn, and became a major in 1904 and lieutenant-colonel in 1908. In 1911 he became a colonel. When 47 he was appointed commander of the 39th regiment of Fusiliers at Dusseldorf, and as a Major-General in April, 1914, was commanding the 45th infantry brigade at Strassburg, when the war broke out. Soon after, however, he was appointed to the command of the 14th brigade, replacing General von Wassow, who had been killed before Liege. On August 3rd, 1914, Ludendorf suddenly left the army marching on Paris, and was sent as Chief-of-Staff to Hindenburg, who had just been appointed Commander of the 8th army in East Prussia.

The two men who thus became associated have played a great part in Germany ever since; von Hindenburg had been retired in 1911, and, although he had offered his services again and again when war broke out, no notice whatever was taken of him. On August 22nd, 1914, however, the Emperor telegraphed him, ordering him to take command of the 8th army. He told an interviewer that he had only time to purchase some underclothing and brush up his old uniform when a special train arrived with saloon and sleeping carriages to take him like a prince to East Prussia. It is said that this summons to von Hindenburg was the work of von Ludendorf, who, even then, had great influence with the General Staff, and had suggested to the Emperor, dismayed at the rapid advance of the Russian armies into Prussia, that von Hindenburg, thoroughly familiar with the ter-

rene, would be the best man to entrust with the defence of the Fatherland. No sooner was he appointed than he asked for von Ludendorf as his Chief-of-Staff. The two men fitted extraordinarily well into each other. The young fifty-year-old general had the brains, the energy, the organising power, and the seventy-year-old Field Marshal had the driving force to put through the schemes devised by the two in council.

We must admit, says Count Carre, that Ludendorf has a remarkable intelligence, immense activity and is a wonderful organiser. He is cold, determined and certain. The campaign in Roumania carried on by him is distinguished by clever execution and mobility. Of course he had under him two leaders of the first rank, von Mackensen and von Falkenhayn, although, says the Count, the German armies in Roumania never actually won a great triumph! The strategy of von Ludendorf consists in taking immense pains, making elaborate preparations, and then striking with tremendous force and quickness. This was shown in the offensive against the Italians which gave the enemy an entire province. But, says Count Carre, von Ludendorf's record as a great military leader is marred by the use he made of underhand tactics in Russia, in Roumania and in Italy. In fact, the Count would have us believe that the victories of Ludendorf and Hindenburg were won not so much by military skill as by treachery and underhand methods which no upright commander would employ. He says that on the western front the pair have never achieved any success whatever!

Instead, they have had an uninterrupted series of checks since August, 1916, when they took over the supreme command. The Somme, Ypres, Vimy, Passchendaele, Verdun, the Chemin des Dames have shown that, pitted against an incorruptible army, they always fail. This makes rather curious reading after the enemy successes on the Somme last March, and on the Aisne and Marne this week! Count Carre points out that the two leaders have taken a great hand in general polities, both internal and external, and that actually they now control Germany.

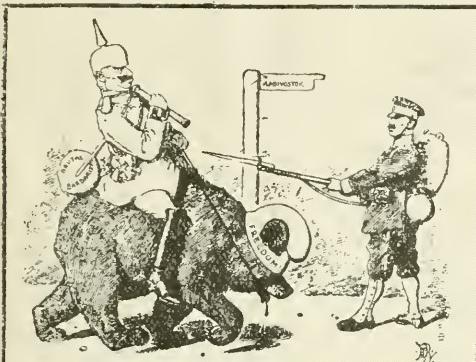
HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

Oh, wad some Power the giftie gie us
To see ousels as ither see us.—Burns.

The possibility of Japanese intervention in Siberia has been greatly exercising Allied cartoonists. The majority seem to imagine that the entry of Japan on the scene in Eastern Asia will have a tremendous result in Russia proper. No one who troubled to seriously consider the position, though, could possibly fall into so grave an error. Fortunately

the Japanese Government has no illusions on the matter, and the hopeful assumptions of a German defeat in Russia, due to a Japanese invasion of Siberia, have dissipated into thin air!

The advisors of the Mikado realise perfectly that their intervention at this stage would help rather than injure the Germans.



Sunday Evening Telegram.] [London.

THE WARDEN OF THE EAST.

The K.: "So! The Yellow Peril! What did I always say?"

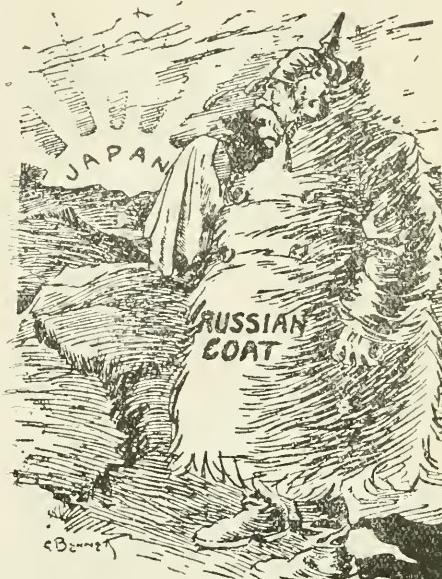
JAPANESE SOLDIER: "A whiter man than you, anyway; for I come to help to defend honourable civilisation against blackguardly Germans!"



Evening News.] [London.

THE RISING SUN.

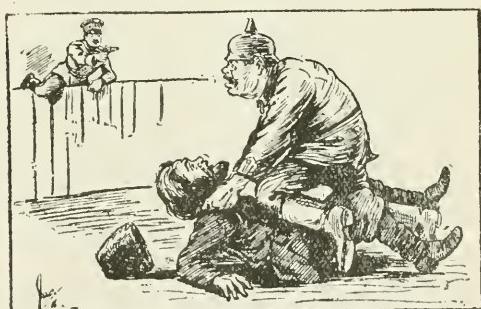
BURGLAR BILL: "If this isn't the limit!"



Evening Express.] [Liverpool.

THE RISING SUN.

HUN-DENBURG: "I'm afraid I'm going to find this warmer than I thought."



The People.] [London.

A TIMELY INTERFERENCE.



Le Rire.] [Paris.
THE BOCHE AND THE UKRAINE.
... in all good friendship my hand on my
'little Mary'!"



Westminster Gazette.] [London.
IN THE BOAT.
KAISER: "I say, Kühlmann, if he doesn't come
again we'll keep the boat!"



Hindi Punch.] [Bombay
RUSSIA: "You must not retain these!"
GERMANY: "I am not retaining them. They
are clinging to me!"

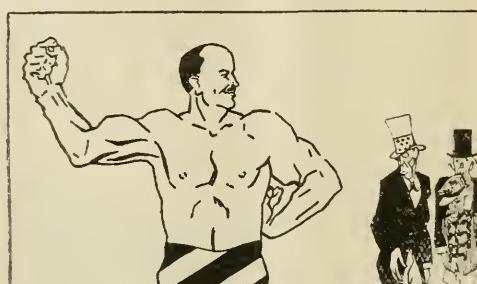
All the same much must be forgiven cartoonists searching for a new subject to portray, and the incident lent itself so splendidly to their purpose that they naturally seized on it with avidity.

London Opinion has one of the best cartoons on the Russian situation. There is a good deal more in the scene shown than at first reaches the eye. The attitude of the assaulted woman is actually that which will be adopted after the war by all those new States which have come into being, thanks to German assistance.

Le Rire indicates that the German sympathy with the demand of the Ukrainians for self-government was dictated entirely by a desire to secure food from Southern Russia, whilst the cartoon of F.C.G. explains itself.



London Opinion.] [London.
THE RESCUER'S USUAL FATE!
P.C. JOHN BULL: "But I only came on the
scene because he had started to knock you
about!"
MRS. RUSSIA: "Never mind about that. Go on.
Bill, teach 'im to interfere—hit me again."



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.
THE PRUSSIAN FINANCE MINISTER'S BICEPS.
(The speech of Dr. Hergt.)
DR. HERGT: "Cousins! We are still fit!"



Kladderadatsch.] [Berlin.
AN AMERICAN PRESENT.

WILSON: "Here, gentlemen, you have a most beautiful peace with fourteen stipulations."

The Indian view of the enemy doings in Russia is well shown by *The Hindi Punch*.

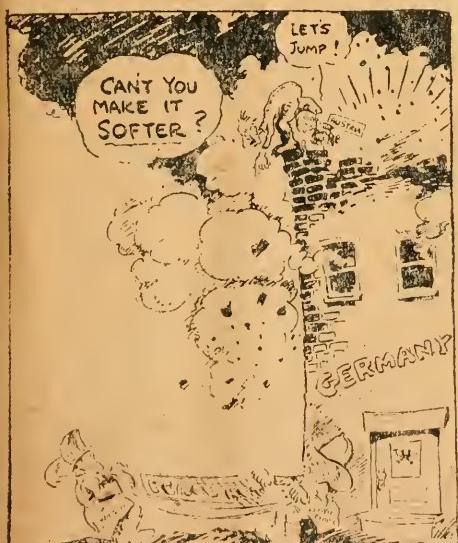
An enemy reply to the Allied assertion that Germany is financially in desperate financial straits appears in *Kladderadatsch*.

Peace has been rather relegated to the background, but a few papers, especially in America, satirise the sugges-

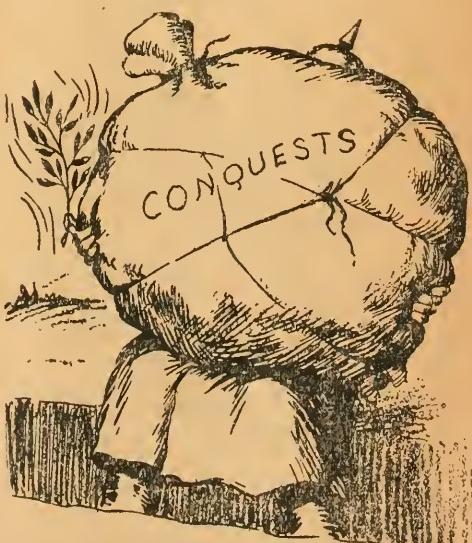


News.] [Dayton.
WE MUST HANG TOGETHER, OR WE WILL HANG SEPARATELY.

tion. The Germans on the other hand now usually show President Wilson, at one time the foremost advocate of peace by negotiation and peace without victory, carefully smothering all suggestion that the war should be ended by any other means than by force.



Sun.] [Pittsburg.
HE WOULD BE GLAD TO ESCAPE WITH A WHOLE SKIN.



Niles Hoag
The Eagle.] [Brooklyn.
TRYING TO WAVE THE BRANCH AND HOLD THE BUNDLE.



Sun.]

[Baltimore.

THE STUMBLING-BLOCK.
Outside of that the road is clear.



Herald.]

[New York.

LOOMING UP!

The New York Herald shows Labour "looming up" in the Central Empires, and there are not a few influential people who are convinced that in the end Labour everywhere will "loom up" large enough to compel peace.

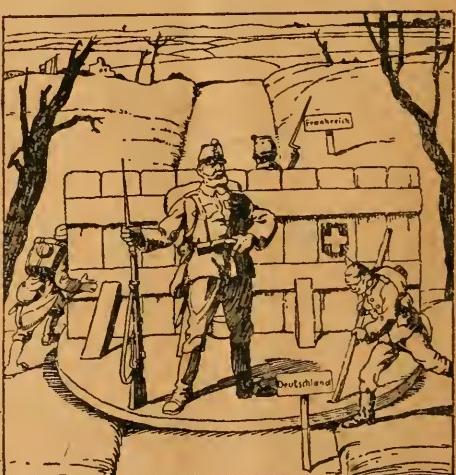


Wahre Jacob.]

[Stuttgart.

THE LUST FOR ANNEXATION.

"Now, if only Lloyd George and Clemenceau don't take fright, we can keep this up for ever!"



Nebelspalter.]

[Zurich.

SWITZERLAND AS THE TIME-TABLE OF EUROPE.



Times.]

[Bridgewater.

CONGRESS: "What's wrong with your pressure?"

The American papers are showing themselves furious at the red tape which has interfered with efficient and speedy methods in the War Office and other departments at Washington.

The German journals have consistently endeavoured to ridicule the steps that have been taken by Clemenceau



News.]

TO TIE HIM UP.

[Dayton.

against M. Caillaux, concerning whom, by the way, we hear little just at present.



News.]

[Detroit.

THE BOY IS GETTING TIRED.



Simplicissimus.]

[Munich.

CONVICTION.

The last proof against Caillaux has been discovered. Signor Gusmaroli has found in Caillaux's room in his hotel in Rome . . . a German toothbrush!



London Opinion.]

THE REIGN OF OFFICIALDOM.

(At the Chambers of Commerce annual meeting, attention is to be called to the steady increase of the army of Government officials, "constituting a danger to the development of industrial life.")

THE OFFICIAL (to D.O.R.A.): "Go and see what the British Public is doing—and tell it not to."



Nebelspalter.]

THE MUNITION WORKER: "If peace comes, I am afraid we shall be the first to notice it."

[Zurich.]



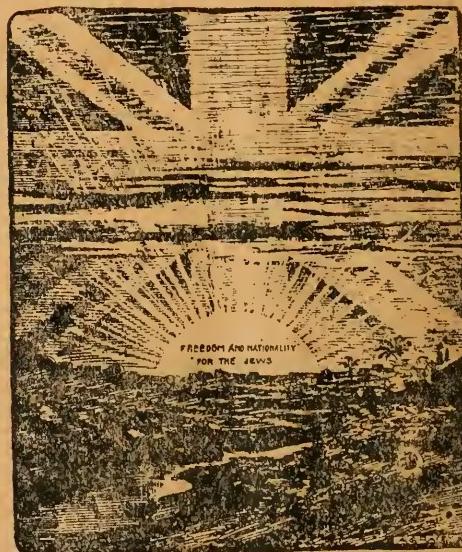
Westminster Gazette.]

[London.]

THE VANISHING RABBITS.

FARMER: "How kin yew get rabbits if us can't get cartridges? Us can't shoot rabbits if us can't get shot to shoot 'em with! What's that yew say? I told 'ee last week the rabbits wuz all drownded in their 'oles? Well—so they wuz!"

- The English cartoonists do not hesitate to make fun of British officials and British institutions generally.



Star.]

[Montreal.]

ANOTHER PROPHECY COMING TRUE.
Sunrise in Palestine, the Land of Promise.

CATECHISM OF THE WAR—LXIX

Q.—Is it true that all the Kut garrison captured by the Turks have died in Asia Minor?

A.—No. A large number have died, it is true, but the majority are still alive. The Foreign Office stated recently that since the war began 438 British officers and 3870 other ranks were known to have been repatriated or escaped. Fourteen Officers and 1413 other ranks have died, and 392 officers and 2183 other ranks are still in prison camps. In addition one officer and 635 other ranks of the Kut garrison have never been traced. It is known that 221 Indian officers and 7169 other ranks have been captured. Of these six officers and 1146 other ranks have been repatriated or have escaped. Four officers and 1298 other ranks are known to have died, and 211 officers and 4725 other ranks are still in prison camps. Two thousand six hundred Indian soldiers of the Kut garrison have never been heard of; whether they were captured and have died since, or whether they lost their lives when the place was taken, is not known. General Townshend is at Constantinople, and spends most of his time on his little yacht reading. He has a villa on the island of Prinkipo in the Bosphorus. He has one British aide-de-camp and one Turkish.

Q.—What has happened to the British colony in Constantinople?

A.—The British colony there totalled altogether 2000. These are mostly Maltese and English born in Turkey who have married Turks, Greeks and Italians. The British of pure stock number about 600. A neutral diplomat who visited Turkey recently states that though these British people share the general discontents which prevail at Constantinople, they suffer no actual ill-treatment. Early in the war leading members of the colony were interned inland as reprisals, but happily the policy of reprisals has been abandoned, and these men are back again at Constantinople. British shop-keepers still carry on trade in spite of the difficulty of importing goods to retail. British chaplains are highly esteemed by the Turkish authorities.

Q.—Are food conditions bad in Turkey?

A.—This neutral diplomat said that conditions in Turkey are certainly bad, but

nothing like as bad as they seem to be painted in the outside world. There is much want and misery among the poor, and some discontent among the middle class. Food is scarce, and the quality is bad, but in Turkey, as elsewhere, you can get everything you want provided you are prepared to pay high prices, and millionaires live in luxury. The poor eat bread and olives, and drink sour milk, but the plentiful supply of fresh fish from the Bosphorus eases the food situation. He mentions, by the way, that Talaat Pasha, the Grand Vizier, Turkey's strong man, has given much support to the new women's movement. Turkish girls are now used in the telephone exchanges, and, says this diplomatist, "I have used the telephone in half a dozen European countries, yet I experienced less difficulty in getting a communication in Turkey than in any of them." The first Turkish girls' commercial college was opened at Constantinople last December.

Q.—Are there any Americans left in Germany?

A.—A neutral who recently returned from Berlin, states that there is quite an American colony in Berlin. He was surprised at the liberty they enjoy. They apparently have at their disposal more than enough money to permit them to enjoy every comfort. In hotels and restaurants where he met them their talking in English attracted no attention, whilst German waiters made no objection to being addressed and replying in English to American customers. He found that the best hotel prices in Berlin were decidedly lower than in England, and in regard to the luxury of the meals there was not much to choose between the two. "In London we had a large choice and more courses, but in Berlin more dainty dishes." The distribution of food he found excellently regulated, and got the impression that everybody is provided with absolute necessities, whilst the variety of substituted foods is amazing. Amongst other things he ate some of the first sturgeon which had been imported from Russia. There was no lack of wine, and the great hotels and restaurants were often so crowded that they had to be closed temporarily against would-be diners.

This neutral by the way states that he argued with authoritative persons on the subject of the folly of air raids on London, pointing out that the only effect on the English people was to increase their war will and certainly not to create a desire for peace. The point of view they urged in reply was, "raids on London are justifiable from a military point of view, because if we stopped them an enormous number of guns and gunners, aeroplanes and flying men would be set free for use at the front."

Q.—In a recent number you published a photograph of Notre Dame protected by sandbags. Could you tell me if many other historic monuments are similarly protected in Paris?

A.—The most notable statues have been taken down and placed in security under ground. During the last thirty years no less than 300 statues have been erected in Paris. Many of these are valuable, but a large number would never be missed. These are only protected, and have not been removed. The famous Medici fountain in the Luxembourg Gardens, is entirely covered up with sacks of earth. *The Chevaux de Marly*, at the corner of the Champs Elysées and the Place de la Concorde, has also vanished beneath protecting sacks. So, too, has the fine group *La Danse*, outside the Opera. All the most valuable parts of Notre Dame have been protected with sand-bags, and the rich treasures of the cathedral have been removed. All the works of art at Versailles have been taken away, and no precaution has been neglected to preserve the historic monuments and art treasures of Paris from the bombs of aeroplanes.

Q.—Are the same precautions taken in Paris as in London in case of air raids?

A.—Special warnings are given in both cities in much the same manner. In Paris thirty special sirens sound the alarm, and the ringing of bells signals that everything is clear. During a raid street traffic is stopped. Trams and buses, directly they hear the sirens, proceed to their garages, and taxis, etc., make for the nearest shelter where drivers and passengers can take cover. The shelters are indicated by small blue lamps, and altogether there is accommodation in them for about half a million people. Also the stations on the metropolitan railway are used as shelters during raids. On the whole, however, the Parisians do not bother much about the Goths.

and prefer to stay at home rather than rush to the special shelters. The women-folk have evolved a special cellar gown which is hung at the foot of the bed each night ready for instant use.

Q.—In view of the great shortage of grain in Great Britain what happens to the poultry there?

A.—The Editor of *The Poultry World* stated in March that there were 80,000,000 hungry hens in Great Britain, and complained that the special arrangements made by the Board of Agriculture would only provide food for 3,000,000 of them. He pointed out that at the present time millions of eggs are being imported into Great Britain from Egypt, and many of them are rotten. He asserts that it would be far more economical, saving both money and tonnage, to import grain and get the eggs from our own hens.

Q.—Could you give me any idea of food prices in France?

A.—The French have not gone in for the system of rationing which is now in force in Great Britain. Various things cannot be obtained, and there are restrictions on the use of other foods. Long ago the use of flour in the manufacture of pastry and biscuits was forbidden, but rice, flour, potato flour, maize flour, were used as substitutes. The use of these is not now permitted, and therefore pastry and the like are no longer seen in France. Milk is not allowed to be served in any place after nine o'clock in the morning. There are no chocolates or other varieties of sweets. Sandwiches are no longer served at all. The restaurants may only serve meals between certain hours, 11 o'clock to 2.30 for *dejeuner* and after 6.30 for dinner. No butter, cream, or soft cheese is served in restaurants, and the menu is limited to four dishes in any circumstances. Three and a-half ounces is the maximum amount of bread allowed to be consumed at any meal. If one has money one can live sumptuously in Paris, as prices have not been fixed. Meat is dearer in England, but it is also more plentiful. For 3/- a pound, it is possible to get a good cut of beef. Veal costs 3/8, mutton 2/9 per pound. A single rabbit costs 4/-, and the skinniest chicken costs 9/-. Fish is very scarce. A herring which before the war was sold for ½d. can rarely be obtained for 4d., and cod is selling in Paris at 2.6 a pound. New potatoes fetch 6d. a pound, and old potatoes 2d. or

$\frac{1}{2}$ d. A single cauliflower, which formerly could be obtained for $\frac{1}{2}$ d., now costs a franc (10d.). Eggs, however, are cheaper than they were a few months ago. Now, it is possible to get a fair sized egg for 3d. Formerly 5d. was the cheapest price ruling. Milk sells at 7d. a quart, and bread, of which one is allowed 11 ounces a day, sells at 9d. a quarter loaf. Tea costs 6/- a pound, but coffee has remained at its old price of 2/6 a pound. Sugar is 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a pound, and is rationed, the allowance being one pound per person per month. Despite these high prices it is possible to obtain a passable meal in the most humble Paris restaurants for 1/6.

Q.—Are British prisoners employed in German mines?

A.—Lord Newton recently stated that a good many prisoners were working in enemy mines. They were scattered over a very large area, working in groups of two or three. Many of these men, he said, had been handed over to contractors who treated them badly. The plea was generally made that our men were not worked any harder than the German civilians. While in some instances conditions were absolutely deplorable, employers in general were doing their best to alleviate the lot of the prisoners of war. Lord Newton went on to say: "It would be better for both countries to agree not to employ prisoners of war underground. That would be infinitely better than engaging in perpetual recriminations with the threat on our part to adopt retaliatory measures."

Q.—Is it a fact that Lloyd George's estimate of ship-building for last year was not realised?

A.—Speaking on August 16th, 1917, he estimated that the output of British yards for the last six months of last year would be 1,090,000 tons. The official statement issued on February 13th, this year, shows that only 679.474 tons had actually been turned out. There was therefore a deficiency of 410.526 tons between Lloyd George's estimate and actual achievement.

Q.—How many standard ships have actually been built in Great Britain?

A.—The number to date has not been given, but presumably it is constantly increasing. Sir John Ellerman, who, owing to the immense increase in the value of shipping shares, is said to be the most wealthy man in Great Britain, recently criticised the methods of the Admiralty in regard to the building of mercantile ships.

Speaking on March 6th in London he said: "Thirteen months after we were told that standard ships were to be built in six months the entire resources of this country only put forth five steamers of very small tonnage." He went on to make the astounding statement: "I believe I am right in saying that the whole output of this country since the commencement of the war has not been enough to replace the losses by marine causes alone, leaving the losses from enemy action yet to be made up." He declared that had the private owner been allowed to continue building the output of new boats would have been much greater than had been the case since the Government took over the ship-yards.

Q.—Is it true that paper is being largely used instead of cotton in Germany?

A.—Soldiers inform us that the German sandbags are now made of paper instead of cotton or jute, and neutrals tell of the paper clothing which is being universally used throughout the country. The need for leather has been so great that the window straps have been removed from the railway trains and paper straps substituted. Of course, this paper is properly prepared and the woven straps are very strong. Wood is largely used for the soles of boots, and paper for the tops. They do very well in dry weather, but when it rains they come to grief.

Q.—Could you tell me the population of Ukrainia, Lithuania, Poland, Courland, Estonia and Livonia?

A.—This question was answered in full in our April 20th number.

Q.—In a recent number you referred to the iron mines of Lapland. Have these been worked for a long time?

A.—These iron mines have only recently been opened up. In 1885 the region about Kiruna had not a single house. To-day it has over 10,000 inhabitants, with tram lines and all the other advantages of a modern town. It fringes the eastern shores of Lake Luossajarvi, the iron mountain of Luossavara being behind it. This mountain is the property not of private individuals, but of the Swedish nation, which also holds an interest in the other island mountain of Kirunavara, on the opposite side of the lake. The workmen here are said to be the highest paid miners in the world. It is estimated that there are 740,000,000 tons of iron ore containing as much as 70 per cent. of pure metal in the Kirunavara mountain. Just before the

war the yield was 3,000,000 tons per annum.

Q.—Could you tell me the length of front each Allied army is holding on the western front?

A.—Before the German offensive of March 21st began, the British armies held the line from the Channel to La Fere, a distance of about 131 miles, with the exception of some twenty miles held by the Belgians north of Ypres, and a short section held by the Portuguese south-east of that place. The French held the rest of the front, from La Fere to the Swiss frontier, a distance of 327 miles. Since then the armies have intermixed, and French troops are holding portions of what used to be the British line, and British troops are holding sections of what was formerly the French front. The Americans have charge of a few miles of front east of the St. Mihiel salient.

Q.—How do you account for the difference in the British and German reports of aeroplane losses?

A.—That is simple. The British reckon as lost only those machines which are brought down in the enemy lines, whereas the Germans count as their victims all British planes which are shot down or driven down no matter where they finally alight. In the same way in our reports we say so-and-so many German planes brought down, so-and-so many driven down, but presumably the Germans only count as casualties those which are shot down and fall in the British lines. The same system of reckoning is followed by both belligerents, but it is easy to see that there must naturally be a great discrepancy between the figures.

Q.—Are the French-Canadians still aggrieved over the fact that Great Britain annexed their territory during the war with France?

A.—No; they have no such feeling, and the extraordinary thing about the French Canadians is that although their ancestors came from France, they have no special love for that country. They look upon Canada as their fatherland, and concern themselves little with European matters.

Q.—Is it true that Germany has a greater railway mileage than any other country in the world?

A.—No; the mileage in Germany, though the greatest in Europe, is less than

that in the United States. The following particulars are interesting:—

Country.	Miles of railway.
U.S.A.	255,000
Germany	39,000
Russia in Europe	36,000
India	33,000
France	31,000
Canada	26,750
Austria-Hungary	28,000
United Kingdom	23,420
Australia	18,000
Argentina	20,000
Mexico	16,000
Brazil	14,000
Italy	11,000
Spain	10,000
Japan	5,500
Switzerland	3,000

Q.—Is it a fact that the gauge of the Irish railways is different from that of the English?

A.—Yes; the gauge of the Irish railways is 5 feet 3 inches, the same as the Victorian, whereas that of England, Wales and Scotland is 4 feet 8½ inches (standard gauge). There are in Ireland 2857 miles of the large gauge, 523 miles of 3 foot gauge, and ten miles of mono-line railway.

Q.—Could you tell me which is the largest railway station in the world?

A.—The Americans claim that the New York Central depot, New York City, is the largest in the world, but it is very difficult to ascertain which are really the greatest stations. It depends whether traffic, size, or equipment is to be the standard by which greatness is to be judged. In equipment no doubt the New York Central stands first, but in area the Central station in Vienna easily takes first place, whilst the number of passengers using the St. Lazare railway station in Paris is probably the largest in the world. Other great stations are to be found at Calcutta, Buenos Aires, Berlin, and, of course, in London. More passengers are handled in Liverpool Street, the terminus of the Great Eastern in London, than in any other single station in Great Britain, but the Great Western railway conveys more passengers over its lines than any other British Company. In 1912 it handled 104,000,000 passengers, to the 96,000,000 of the Great Eastern. The London and North-Eastern conveyed 83,000,000, and the London and South-Western 67,000,000. The South Eastern and Chatham conveyed 57,000,000.



GERMAN GENERAL ON THE WAR'S LESSONS.*

General von Freytag-Loringhoven is regarded as one of the most distinguished soldier-writers of Germany. Though born in Russia, the son of a Russian diplomat, and himself at one time an officer in the Russian army, he is now one of the most influential members of the General Staff in Berlin, and actually occupies the position of Deputy Chief thereof—that is to say is the head of such parts of the General Staff organisation as remain in Berlin. He has written a short book, entitled *Deductions from the World War*, in which he sets out the lessons which it teaches, and the pre-war theories it proves correct or upsets.

This analytical work of his has been somewhat severely attacked because of the last chapter, in which he deals with the need for building up the German army after the war. This is taken by some critics to mean that Germany is determined to create a mighty army with the object of carrying on further aggressions when the present struggle is over, but a careful perusal of the chapter in question hardly confirms that view. Exception, too, is taken to his statement, "War has its basis in human nature, and as long as human nature remains unaltered war will continue to exist as it has existed already for thousands of years." That is a view which it is safe to say is shared by nine out of every ten people in this country, possibly by more than that. It is because of this belief of his that he insists that the lessons taught by the present war shall be applied to the German army later on, shall not be entirely neglected.

He has some exceedingly interesting things to say about the French, English and German soldiers. He insists that the most necessary thing in any army is

discipline, and mass training. Thus, whilst he declares Lord Kitchener's creation of a strong English army during the world war as unquestionably an immense achievement, he goes on to say that the Kitchener divisions were trained exclusively for the simple task of trench warfare.

The English army is by no means fitted for a war of movement. Captured English officers have admitted this fact. Their higher officers lack the necessary knowledge which can only be acquired by long training and by regarding it as a life task. Napoleon said not without reason, "It is possible to capture a strong position by means of a young army, but not to conduct a campaign to a victorious conclusion."

Comparing the English troops with the French forces which were put into the field by Gambetta, in 1871, he points out that the great English army, though of new creation, is anything but a loose and hasty improvisation. A long entrenched warfare afforded opportunity for the new formations, before they were put into the line, to go through a long period of training, first at home, and afterwards behind the front in France.

Nevertheless the new English divisions could not attain either the coherence of the old troops of the expeditionary army first despatched to France or the fighting value of the French troops. The English reached a high degree of technical efficiency, but their fighting tactics remained defective. . . . Also for all that tough courage peculiar to the Englishman they lack that spirit which can only be engendered by the consciousness of a lofty national purpose such as that for which the French were fighting.

Military drill in itself, he says, is prejudicial to war efficiency, and consequently a hindrance to true preparation for war, though only when it is carried to excess; but the war has proved beyond any doubt that military drill is entirely beneficial as regards training for active service, and the lack of this drill would seem to be, in his opinion, the chief

* "Deductions from the World War." By General Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven. (Constable.)

defect of our army. He refers to the fact that the Germans in the early days of the war were obliged to use troops which were not fully trained, and that only as the struggle went on did these divisions reach the military excellence required.

The soldiers were filled with the purest patriotic enthusiasm, but this could not compensate for the lack of soldierly discipline and physical hardening which can only be acquired in the course of a thorough military training. These new troops could not be equal to coping with the difficult conditions which prevailed at Ypres. They have only gradually in the course of the war and as a result of the subsequent improvement of their officers' corps been brought up to the level of the old troops.

The importance of drill, he says, "consists in the fact that it inspires the soldier with a sense of the urgent necessity to obey his officer. The habit of obedience which is developed by months of military service, helps to produce this effect," and he says that the Germans have to thank their permanent military training schools for the discipline which has made it possible to solve the most difficult problems of attack and defence with an array of masses of troops. Had this discipline not existed, it would have been impossible for the Germans to hold their western front during their Russian operations. He says:—

If the armies of the two contending parties had been equally efficient, it would have been impossible for us to maintain our positions, for any length of time, in view of the overwhelmingly numerical superiority of the forces which were directed against ourselves and Austria-Hungary from all sides. It lay with our opponents, with their vast numbers, when they had forced us to retreat, to give to the war once again the character of a war of movement. They did not succeed in doing so. On the other hand the forces of the Central Powers were insufficient to enable them to push the offensive to any considerable extent beyond the permanent positions taken up on the western front at the end of 1914.

He says that the Allies missed a great opportunity on the western front after the battle of the Marne. "By making use of their convenient and efficient railway network and their numerous columns of motor waggons they might have hurled at the proper moment powerful forces against the right flank of the German army, and thereby prevented us from establishing our positions on the Aisne, and to the west of the Belgian frontier." He speaks very highly indeed of the French soldier, but quotes the French General Cherfille,

who wrote of the autumn battle of 1915 in Champagne as follows:—

The French soldier detaches himself from his officer far too readily. Each one goes where he wills. Thus it came about that our infantry lost in a moment territory which they had just won with great difficulty, and moreover they left on it a half of their man power. The German is a true soldier. Discipline has become a part of his flesh and blood. That is his greatest source of strength.

He also quotes a French authority concerning the great homogeneity of the German army, which enables the German command to transfer and intermix battalions and divisions. Such homogeneity could only have been acquired by thorough preparation in time of peace, and a long term of military service. "It is only where uniformity of training has penetrated into the lowest ranks and where a thorough military training has been established that such venturesome undertakings are feasible."

The war has again and again proved the truth of the assertions of the First Emperor of Germany when he was Crown Prince of Prussia. "Uniformity," he said, "is indispensable. Why should one be permitted to do his task well and another to do it badly? Either we intend to have a trained troop or else a mob of undisciplined men. The sole purpose of the drilling ground is, in my opinion, to achieve order. If the spirit of order exists in a troop, it is possible to do anything with it. Without order nothing is possible." In view of the statements about the manner in which the German officers treat their men, on which we were regaled in the early days of the war, General von Freytag-Loringhoven's remarks on the comradeship between officers and men read somewhat queerly. He says:—

There has been much talk in Germany of the so-called trench spirit and of the fine comradeship between officers and men, but it has been overlooked that this comradeship, based upon the loyal solicitude of the officers for their men, existed also before the war. It was merely expressed in a different way. The officer must make a difference in his behaviour towards the younger troops who have to be trained and disciplined and his behaviour towards the fully trained and, in particular, the older men whom he has to lead against the enemy, but the officer stands just as much above his subordinates in the trenches as elsewhere. Good relations between officers and men will and must remain after the war, but they must not be such as to be prejudicial to the authority of the superior officer.

He has much to say about the officer and his need for special training, and a far better education than that those he has to command have been given. "The officer," he says, "must be of that ruling race who exert a controlling influence even if momentarily they are not within sight or hearing."

Knowledge of men is the fundamental condition of a successful leadership. Hence the study of history, above all of military history, is of the highest value, and the officer, though he must possess a thorough appreciation of technical science, must not be misled into neglecting the study of men. The world war has revealed the variety of the tasks which may devolve upon the officer in war, tasks for which as far as is possible he must be prepared in time of peace. Therefore a deepening as well as an extending of his professional training is to be aimed at. Officers should make themselves so far familiar with political, constitutional, economic and social questions as to enable them to form an independent judgment on these subjects. Military science and political science are closely related. We must contrive to kindle in the officer while he is still young an interest in the nation so that he may be capable in the training of his men of enlightening them from time to time on questions of civic and economic life.

Speaking of the granting of commissions to men in the ranks, the General says that this can be done in war time when it cannot be done in time of peace, for, during a war the position of an officer is confined within narrow limits. Educational, intellectual bias and ambition do not suffice to render every individual fit for the position of officer. He asserts that the world position of Germany rests ultimately on the building up of an officers' corps which shall be thoroughly efficient for purposes of war. "Aristocratic tradition, in the wider sense, is of the utmost service in the training of personalities. No profession stands in greater need of the latter than that of the officer." He then points out that Washington demanded that only gentlemen should be given commissions, that the army of the Revolution, in which the principle of equality was supposed to rule, did not lose its connection with the army of the *ancien régime*, for Napoleon made it his immediate endeavour to develop a new chivalry in his army and to fill up the ranks of his officers from the families of the old nobility. "Only," says General Freytag-Loringhoven, "the absolute command of a War Lord over an army can achieve a really vigorous development." Napo-

leon declared when he was at St. Helena, "Armies are monarchial through and through. . . . All history has shown that even a republican army whose commissioned ranks are embued with definite class feelings will always be monarchially inclined." He quotes a French paper as follows:—

The French soldier sees in all his officers, from the sub-lieutenant to the marshal, merely his equals. He has the clear and certain conviction that he is inferior to them only in military rank. Neither training, nor education, nor birth produces an essential difference between them.

The General declares that this may be the French notion of the supreme blessing of equality, but that state of affairs actually does not exist in their army, and continues, "We have in any case had sufficient experience of the blessings which our own discipline brings in its train to the welfare of the German fatherland, and we intend to hold fast to it in future."

He refers to the immense part that has been played by railways in the present war, mentions that Germany had nothing like the necessary supplies of artillery and ammunition which it was found by experience were needed. "It was impossible that such immense supplies as were actually required should be stored up in peace time." On several occasions, and especially in 1914, the German troops found themselves more than once in a critical situation as a result of this shortage. He does not consider that the fortress has disappeared altogether, but will still play a great part in future wars, though cities will no longer be fortified. Napoleon wrote in 1809: "Fortresses, like cannon, are only weapons which cannot of themselves fulfil their purpose. They must be properly manipulated and applied." In his opinion the Belgian fortresses were not properly manipulated, but the fortifications on the French eastern frontier, above all at Verdun, were properly manipulated, and have demonstrated how valuable these defences may be.

He touches on the way in which telephones, telegraphs and aeroplanes have radically altered warfare, and refers to the fact that the German army was insufficiently supplied with machine guns in 1914. At that time it is interesting to recall the Germans had ten times as many machine guns to a battalion as we did.

THE AMERICAN MYSTERY MAN.

No one is playing a greater part in American international diplomacy than Colonel Edward Mandell House, but less is known about him by the man in the street than about any other American statesman. He is the Lord Esher of the United States. A man who has no axe of his own to grind, who cares nothing for the accumulation of riches and honours, who, by his knowledge of affairs and men, and by his amazingly sound and quick judgments, has made himself universally trusted. Mr. Norman Hapgood has some exceedingly happy paragraphs on this man of mystery in *Leslie's*. He refers to him as "Colonel House, first of Texas, then of the United States, and finally of the world." Mr. Hapgood, at any rate, writes with greater intelligence and sympathy about the President's chief adviser than the majority of those who have endeavoured to sketch him during the last few months.

He finds Colonel House's personality "charming, unusual, and in a sense mysterious." He admits that the portrait of this personality is difficult to draw, "because its significance and its distinction lie not in features, salient and easily apprehended, but in harmony, balance, and justness." Mr. Hapgood has been especially impressed by Colonel House's constructive genius:—

He became in Texas politics a quietly guiding force, and a forward-making force, because he knew men, studied questions, and neither sought nor would accept anything for himself. Too frequently a great stage is the graveyard of reputations made in a smaller setting, but Colonel House has proved adequate to the post of counsellor-in-chief, and lieutenant-in-chief, to our President at a time when the very pillars of civilised life are shaking. If I were to select from all this globe a mind and heart worthy to be the umpire in any attempt to bring life and system out of destructive chaos, I should without hesitation choose this quiet gentleman from the vast reaches of the American hinterland. I have seen him give decisions and solutions not only in large and general affairs, but also

in details that come up from day to day in a campaign, and in all the opinions, broad or pointed, that I have known of his giving I have yet to find one that retrospect does not declare to have represented the surest human judgment. It is doubtful whether the most penetrating painter could find in his face the signs of this security of vision. It is a kind face, bright, eager, and gentle, that goes with manners that never injured stranger or friend. As one looks at the whole man, the blue eyes are the centre of attention. Outside of these luminous eyes there is no external feature that commands attention. It is perhaps not so much an object that confronts one as a presence, an atmosphere created by expression and by manner.

What distinguishes this man from other political leaders is his great gift of practical wisdom. Not only is he a courageous fighter, when occasion requires, but at all times, whether in war or peace, he may be counted on to act in accordance with the sanest judgment. Mr. Hapgood continues:—

In a mind thus marked by safety in its results one might expect to find delay in reaching conclusions. Many of Colonel House's opinions, on the contrary, are noticeable for speed. There are, of course, matters which he ponders for a long time, but often one who consults him receives a positive view immediately the question is propounded. This is often the way of philosophers in action. Lincoln delayed some of his conclusions, until he had carefully examined a situation many times, but quick and decided expressions were equally characteristic of him. . . . Colonel House deals with conditions that have actually passed before his own mind, during his own life, and mainly in his own country. In that respect as in others he is distinctly American. In only one respect does he suggest another nation rather than our own. In England one is more likely than with us to find men who seek nothing for themselves, are glad to avoid responsibility and limelight, but have a high sense of service and the most unshakable honour.

President Wilson has sent Colonel House three times to Europe to represent him. As Mr. Hapgood truly says, "This private citizen has been carrying the weight of representing our Republic at a time as critical as any the world has seen."



DEVELOPING OUR NATURAL RESOURCES.

Why Import Cement at £4 a Ton When It Can be Made Here for £2?

There has been a great deal of talk about the need of developing Australian resources, and we are assured that to-morrow, next month, next year, or, at some still more distant date, the whole question will be seriously taken in hand and Australian resources be systematically examined and developed. Meantime very little has been done, and every now and again the man in the street bumps up against something or other which makes him wonder why we continue to import things which we can make here, not only as well as they can be produced in other countries, but also more cheaply when we take into consideration the freight which must be paid in order to bring these things to us.

A typical case is that of cement, which was referred to in a report by the Federal Public Works Committee in the following manner: "The Committee learned that about two-thirds of the cement used in Australia is at present imported. In view of the enormous demand anticipated in Europe, after the war, the Committee is of the opinion that it is improbable that the establishment of private cement factories in Australia would cheapen the price of cement to the Commonwealth until the total Australian production was sufficient to fully supply Australian needs." Mr. Fenton pointed out in the House of Representatives that we are sending £500,000 annually out of the country for cement, although we have in Australia all the elements for making the best cement in the world. There will be a great shortage of shipping for many years to come; the demand for cement in Europe will be enormous owing to the immense amount of rebuilding that will have to be done, whilst the schemes for the proper housing of the working classes in Great Britain will absorb huge quantities of this valuable material. It is perfectly obvious that it will be difficult for Australia to obtain cement from abroad. Therefore it will be necessary to produce it here and in increasing quantities.

Now, although everybody knows cement, that fine greyish flour which has the curious property of becoming a hard and stone-like mass when mixed with water, few people have any idea as to where it comes from, how it is made, and what it costs. We have heard a great deal about it recently in connection with the making of concrete ships, and in a vague way we know that concrete, reinforced with steel, has been used largely of recent years in the building of houses, factories, and the like, and that in all manner of ways cement has invaded industries in which iron, timber, bricks and stone had previously reigned supreme. Thinking that my readers would be interested in some account of how this increasingly important material is made, and the possibilities of producing it in this country, I asked a Danish engineer, Mr. Henning Metes, who is a cement expert, to write the following brief article on the subject:—

What is known to-day as Portland cement is an artificially produced material, not a natural mineral, as many people seem to assume. For its manufacture three substances are required—limestone, clay and coal. Almost any kind of limestone and clay, when treated in the proper manner, will produce cement, but only certain forms of these materials can be used with commercial success. The method of manufacture is briefly as follows:—The limestone and clay are first ground separately to a fine powder. These are mixed in certain exact proportions, and are then introduced into furnaces or kilns. The mixture is then subjected to a very high temperature produced by the burning of the third raw material—coal. Under the influence of the terrific heat, about 3000 degrees, the chief substance in the limestone—the lime (CaO)—combines chemically with the silicates of the clay ($\text{SiO}_2 + \text{Al}_2\text{O}_3$) and forms small nuggets or clinkers. These have the consistency of cement, are, in fact, cement in nugget form. When cooled

they are ground into a fine powder, which is known as Portland cement.

The history of cement is interesting. In ancient days the Egyptians and Romans knew that certain volcanic earths and clayish limestone would become hard when burnt and mixed with water. The Romans especially used this natural cement very extensively in their buildings. Concrete structures splendidly built, by the Emperors of Rome, remain to this day.

The first great improvement in the cement industry occurred when Aspdin, a bricklayer of Leeds took out a patent for a new process in 1824. The chief thing about Aspdin's invention was that he used an artificial mixture of limestone and clay, thus doing away with the need of finding the two substances naturally mixed, which up to then had been a necessity for the making of cement. He named his product Portland cement on account of the resemblance of the hardened material to the, at the time, well-known building stone from Portland, on the Dorsetshire coast. This name has since been used for any cement produced from an artificial mixture of raw materials.

Aspdin and those who followed him burnt the cement in brick-built kilns, similar to ordinary lime kilns, and it was not until 1885 that any notable advance was made in the methods of production. In that year Rankin invented a rotary kiln, but for a long time little notice was taken of the new invention which was, however, destined to have immense influence on the entire industry. It was not indeed until American cement engineers took up Rankin's idea that any real progress was made. They carried out energetic and extensive experiments and modified and modernised the rotary kiln. Thomas A. Edison took a hand, and largely under his direction the rotary kiln showed such excellent and promising results that it was introduced throughout the whole of the American cement industry, and other cement-producing countries quickly followed suit. No other industry in the world has developed with such rapidity in recent years as this, and this is undoubtedly due to the fact that the rotary kiln not only improved the quality of the cement, but greatly cheapened the cost of its manufacture.

In the year 1890, 80 per cent. of the cement in the United States was produced in brick-built kilns. In 1900, 90 per cent. was made in rotary kilns. Today America burns practically all her cement in this way, Germany 70 per cent., and England, the home of the kiln, about 60 per cent. This kiln is a horizontal steel tube, lined with fire bricks, which revolves slowly. Fuel in the form of pulverised coal is introduced at one end of the tube and the unburnt raw materials at the opposite end. These advance slowly through the length of the tube, meeting gradually increasing temperatures. During the transit the combination of the lime and silicates into clinkers takes place. Rankin's original kiln was about 26 feet long by 5 feet in diameter. Edison made his 150 feet long, and the length of the kiln now used has been increased to 200, or sometimes 300 feet, while it is from 9 to 10 feet in diameter. One such giant kiln can produce in a continuous run day and night from 170 to 190 tons of cement in 24 hours.

Turning now to the cement industry and conditions in Australia, we find that everywhere in the mountainous parts of the country nature has provided immense quantities of the most excellent pure limestone—better could not be found anywhere for cement manufacture. Clay is to be found almost everywhere, and coal is available in most of the industrial centres. How is this lavish present of mother earth being utilised? In 1914 there were five cement factories in Australia, of which one was of large size. The total production that year was about 125,000 to 130,000 tons. During that year 130,000 tons were imported from abroad. In 1911 the imports totalled 40,000 tons, in 1912 80,000, in 1913 84,000, and in 1914 130,000 tons. This shows how greatly the use of cement is being extended in this country, as in others.

The average price per ton of imported cement in 1914 was 76/-, which brings the total paid for foreign cement for the year to half a million pounds. Comparison between the prices paid for cement in Australia and in other countries throws an extremely interesting light on industrial conditions. In 1914 the lowest price paid in the United States for cement at factory was 17/9

per ton, the highest 32/3. The average price was 23/- per ton. In Canada the average factory price during the years 1909, 1910 and 1911 was 37/5 per ton. In Germany the country's total output in 1911 was valued at 21/6 per ton, and in 1913 a price of 21/9 per ton was obtained at factory, the average retail price for that year being about 35/5 per ton. In Australia we find that the average net price prevailing at wharf during the period of 1908 to 1914 was 72/- per ton. The Public Works Department, one of the largest consumers of cement, paid the following prices:—87/- in 1911, 93/- in 1912, and 82/6 in 1913. The average price of 72/- per ton is, roughly, 310 per cent. higher than the American, and 200 per cent. higher than the Canadian price.

This enormous difference is explained by the need for adding freight, duty and wharfage charges to the European cost. As long as our consumption exceeds our production we have to import, and just as long will the price of the locally manufactured product not be lower than the importation price. There is, however, no reason why we should not produce cement in Australia at almost the same price as it is produced in Canada. Labour should not enter very greatly into the production cost, and in any case the wages paid in Canada for this class of work are about the same as those paid here. Canada has no natural advantages which Australia does not possess; in fact, as far as quality and location of raw materials are concerned, Australia is more favourably situated than any other country. The importance of establishing new cement factories in Australia is quite obvious, for when the stage is reached where we are able to meet our own requirements with our own production then the present high prices which are determined by the cost of the imported article should no longer continue to rule, and the high price of cement is at present the most effective obstacle to an extensive and far more universal utilisation of this material.

During the war two new cement factories have been set up in Australia, increasing the total local production by about 75,000 tons per annum. Assuming that the demand for cement will be the same in the years after the war as

it was in 1914, we would have at least an annual consumption of 250,000 tons, which would leave still 50,000 tons to be imported. But it is perfectly certain that the demand for cement will steadily increase, and be far greater than it was in pre-war days. During the war there has been a halt in building and other activities, but as soon as it is over the Governments will get to work and endeavour to overtake arrears. They will also try to increase the national wealth by creating new roads, railways, irrigation schemes, harbours, bridges, waterways, etc., and private building enterprise will flourish once more. In all these works cement is one of the most important materials required and thousands on thousands of tons will be wanted.

It is to be assumed then that the cement consumption in Australia will increase by leaps and bounds after the war, and to accelerate this movement two things are essential. First, there should be great increase of local production which would bring about lower prices, and when these are brought down to a normal and healthy basis a far more universal utilisation of cement will result. Secondly, endeavours should be made to spread a knowledge of the way in which cement can be utilised. When all those interested have gained a thorough grasp of how to use cement, they would quickly utilise it in far greater quantities than at present. Such an educational campaign could be carried out on similar lines to those which were used in the United States.

An Association of Cement Users was formed in America, and carried out a great propaganda, the object of which was to create a demand which would utilise the surplus production of American factories. Millions of booklets and other printed matter were sent to individuals of all professions and trades which could be interested in cement, describing to each of them how the material could best be utilised, what work it could be adapted for, and how the work should be carried out. Illustrations, complete working drawings, costs, quantity and quality estimates, were given, as well as much practical advice. Men specially trained for the work were sent to all parts of the country showing moving pictures of work

executed, buildings being erected, and so on and so forth. Lectures were given about cement and its use throughout the whole country. The result was that the local consumption of cement went up with a unprecedented rapidity.

Engineers and contractors, architects, builders, factory owners, farmers, merchants, shire and town councils, are all consumers of cement, and if the country knew the multitudinous things for which the material can be used, the demand would speedily be doubled and trebled.

It is generally recognised that Australia has just commenced to use cement. When prices are reduced it is inevitable that consumption will greatly increase. There is no reason whatever why cement should not be produced in Australia about as cheaply as it is manufactured in Canada and the United States. The chief requirements are up-to-date machinery, efficient arrangement and management of works and sensible utilisation of the natural advantages existing in the country.

ESPERANTO NOTES.

The Chinese National University at Peking has introduced the study of Esperanto into its programme. Prof. K. Ch. Sunfizo, the president of the Chinese Esperanto Association, is in charge of the classes, which consist of 300 students. Esperanto has received much attention in China in the last few years, and its value for relations with Europe and America is being more fully realised.

The Education Department in Queensland has given its approval to the formation of a class of school teachers for the study of Esperanto. The department has also agreed to grant the use of a school-room for this class, which will be under Mr. H. W. R. Holken, a well-known teacher of languages in Brisbane. The matter of introducing Esperanto as a compulsory subject into the curriculum of the State schools of Queensland has also been before the department, but a decision has not yet been given.

As might be expected, it is in the neutral countries that Esperanto is now making most progress. The Esperanto journals contain reports of much activity in Sweden, Switzerland and Holland, as well as in Brazil and Argentina, belligerent countries less directly concerned in the war. In Sweden especially, new classes have been opened in several large towns. Even in belligerent countries which have been the scene of the most strenuous fighting, such as Poland and Belgium, the Esperanto movement has been continuously maintained, and reports show that latterly there has been a steady growth in public interest in the language, several

new classes and groups having been opened.

The results of the literary competition of the Melbourne Esperanto Society have been announced. There were two sections, the first being a translation of the 12th chapter of Mrs. Aeneas Gunn's descriptive story of life in the north of Australia, *We of the Never-Never*, which is an account of "The Fizzer," the bush mailman; the second part was the writing of an original poem in Esperanto. Many entries were received from Australia and New Zealand, and the quality of the work submitted was very high. In the translation, the first prize was gained by Mr. Geo. Gordon, of New Zealand, and the second by Mrs. Trewin, of Bayswater, Victoria. The first prize for the poem was gained by Miss Maud Helm, of Melbourne, for a thoughtful and well-expressed piece entitled "Neniam la Amo Perdigas" (Never Love is Lost), and the second by the Rev. Bro. Benedict, of Malvern, Victoria, for a charming and elegant sonnet. The success of Bro. Benedict is remarkable, as it is little more than a year since he commenced the study of Esperanto.

Readers of STEAD'S REVIEW interested in Esperanto should communicate with the nearest Esperanto group at any of the following addresses:—Box 731, P.O., Elizabeth Street, Melbourne; 223 Stanmore Road, Stanmore, Sydney; Mr. W. L. Waterman, Torrens Road, Kilkenny, Adelaide; Mr. C. Kidd, "Bonvenu," O'Mara Street, Lutwyche, Brisbane; Mr. T. Burt, Stott's College, Perth; Mr. D. Guibert, 7 Glen Street, Hobart; and Mr. W. L. Edmanson, 156 Lambton Quay, Wellington, N.Z.

The Winds of Chance

By REX BEACH.

Author of "The Barrier," "The Iron Trail," "The Ne'er-do-well," "The Silver Horde," etc.

SYNOPSIS.

Pierce Phillips reaches Alaska in a gold rush, but finds he is not allowed to cross the Canadian frontier unless possessed of a thousand dollars. After a desperate attempt to increase his scanty earnings by gambling, whereby he loses all he had, he hires himself out as a "Packer" over the Chilkoot Pass. On one of his trips he meets a cheerful giant Poleon Doret and Tom Linton, an elderly man engaged in packing goods to his tent at Linderman. Arrived there, they find it occupied by a beautiful, but entirely self-possessed, Norse woman who gives her name as the Countess Courtean. She engages Pierce as carrier to Sheep's camp. There they part and he proceeds to the tent of the Brothers McCaskey, where he lives. There he is told that the thousand dollars he had saved had been stolen from Jim, the younger brother, on his way to Dyea. Before he can do anything the Vigilance Committee enter the tent and hale Pierce and the brothers away on a charge of stealing a bag of rice. The self-appointed judges are on the eve of passing sentence of death on Pierce when the opportune arrival of the Countess and Doret enables him to prove an alibi. The two McCaskeys are condemned to forty lashes each. To escape this Jim, the younger, makes a dash for freedom, and is shot dead. His brother Joe considers that Pierce is responsible for his brother's death and his own flogging, and vows vengeance. Pierce goes to Dyea and becomes the Countess's manager in her undertaking of transporting all a hotel fittings to Dawson city before the ice comes. The first move is to pull down the hotel. On the scene of demolition comes "One-armed" Kirby, a noted gambler, with his daughter Rouletta and his *Fides Achetes* Danny Royal. "One-arm" is engaged in running liquor through to Dawson. Royal manages to bribe the Indian carriers, who dump Pierce's packs and take those of Kirby instead. The Countess, however, overcomes the difficulty in characteristic manner. Both parties finally arrive at the sinister Miles Canyon, one of the terrors in the path of the early Klondikers. The Countess determines to attempt its passage, carrying her goods in several small boats. Kirby prefers to pin his faith to a large and heavily built scow. Meantime Pierce declares his passion for the Countess who, although she postpones any discussion of marriage, admits that she loves him. After a terrific struggle Pierce and his party, piloted by Poleon Doret, get safely through the Canyon. Danny Royal, weighed down with a sense of foreboding, confesses his dread of the passage, but Kirby tells Rouletta that if he can only get through and reach Dawson City with his cargo of rum, he would quit the gambling business altogether. Immensely rejoiced, she resolves to attempt the trip with the men. Royal contemptuously refuses to engage Poleon Doret as pilot, having already arranged with another man to help him, but "It's got my goat" he confesses to himself. The large and unwieldy scow comes to grief in the rapids, and Royal and the crew are drowned. Kirby and Rouletta are, however, rescued by Doret and Pierce. The Countess takes Rouletta to her tent, but she will not stay, being terrified about her father who, overcome by the loss of his entire cargo and horrified at the death of Royal, has begun to drink deeply. Rouletta staggers out into the night in her sodden clothes and finally finds Kirby in a saloon. He refuses to leave with her and she remains, shivering and wretched, dreading what will happen, for she knows that, when in liquor, there are no lengths to which her father will not go. She follows him from saloon to saloon, in one of which she is insulted. Kirby realises this, and almost kills the man, who, however, escapes. Rouletta, with teeth chattering and

shaking with fever, still refuses to seek shelter with the Countess, and her father finally installs her by a saloon stove, and wanders forth determined to avenge the insult which had been offered her. Meanwhile Pierce, deeply in love with the Countess, urges her to marry him. Whilst admitting her passionate love for him, she informs him that her husband is still alive, and he flings out into the night with his ideal shattered, his heart broken, determined to abandon himself to despair. He drifts into a saloon and begins drinking fiercely. He there meets a girl, Laure, one of a theatrical troupe being taken by a certain Morris Best to Dawson. She induces him to hire Pierce, though for what particular reason she is unable to explain, even to herself. Poleon Doret walking home late at night discovers Rouletta, in a high fever, being hurried away by a miner to his tent. After rescuing her he carries her to his cabin and sets out to find Kirby. He runs him to earth in the Gold Belt Saloon at the very moment when the man who had first insulted Rouletta enters it. He heard the gambler cry "I've been laying for you," and then in the flash of an eye the scene dissolved into action swift and terrifying.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued).

What happened was so unexpected, it came with such a lack of warning, that few of the witnesses, even though they beheld every move, were able later to agree fully upon details. Whether Kirby actually fired the first shot, or whether his attempt to do so spurred his antagonist to lightning quickness, was long a matter of dispute. In a flash the room became a place of deafening echoes. Shouts of protest, yells of fright, the crash of overturning furniture, the stamp of fleeing feet mingled with the loud explosion of gunshots—pandemonium.

Fortunately the troupe of women who had been here earlier were gone, and the tent was by no means crowded. Even so, there were enough men present to raise a mighty turmoil. Some of them took shelter behind the bar, others behind the stove and the tables; some bolted headlong for the door, still others hurled themselves bodily against the canvas walls and ripped their way out.

The duel was over almost as quickly as it had begun. Sam Kirby's opponent reeled backward and fetched up against the bar; above the din his hoarse voice rose:

"He started it! You saw him! Tried to kill me!"

He waved a smoking pistol-barrel at the gambler who had sunk to his knees. Even while he was shouting out his plea for justification, Kirby slid forward upon his face and the fingers of his outstretched hand slowly unloosed themselves from his gun.

It had been a shocking, a sickening affair; the effect of it had been intensified by reason of its unexpectedness and now, although it was over, excitement gathered fury. Men burst forth from their places of concealment and made for the open air; the structure vomited its occupants out into the snow.

'Poleon Doret had been swept aside, then borne backward ahead of that stampede and at length found himself wedged into a corner. He heard the victor repeating: "You saw him. Tried to kill me!" The speaker turned a blanched face and glaring eyes upon those witnesses who still remained. "He's Sam Kirby: I had to get him or he'd have got me." He pressed a hand to his side then raised it; it was smeared with blood. In blank stupefaction the man stared at this phenomenon.

Doret was the first to reach that motionless figure sprawled face down upon the floor; it was he who lifted the grey head and spoke Kirby's name. A swift examination was enough to make quite sure that the old man was beyond all help. Outside, curiosity had done its work, and the human tide was setting back into the wrecked saloon. When 'Poleon rose with the body in his arms he was surrounded by a clamorous crowd. Through it he bore the limp figure to the cloth-covered card table and there, among the scattered emblems of Sam Kirby's calling, 'Poleon deposited his burden. By those cards and those celluloid disks the old gambler had made his living: grim fitness was in the fact that they should carpet his bier.

When 'Poleon Doret had forced his way by main strength out of the Gold Belt Saloon, he removed his cap and turning his face to the wind he breathed deeply of the cool, clean air. His brow was moist, he let the snowflakes fall upon it the while he shut his eyes and strove to think. Engaged thus he heard Lucky Broad address him.

With the speaker was Kid Bridges; that they had come thither on the run was plain, for they were panting.

"What's this about Kirby?" Lucky gasped.

"We heard he's just been croaked," the Kid exclaimed.

'Poleon nodded. "I seen it all. He had it comin' to him," and with a gesture he seemed to brush a hideous picture from before his eyes.

"Old Sam! Dead!"

Broad, it seemed, was incredulous. He undertook to bore his way into the crowd that was pressing through the saloon door, but Doret seized him.

"Wait!" cried the latter. "Dat ain't all; dat ain't de worst."

"Say! Where's Letty?" Bridges enquired. "Was she with him when it happened? Does she know——?"

"Dat's w'at I'm goin' tell you." In a few words 'Poleon made known the girl's condition, how he had happened to encounter her and how he had been looking for her father when the tragedy occurred. His listeners showed their amazement and their concern.

"Gosh! That's tough!" It was Broad speaking. "Me'n the Kid had struck camp and was on our way down to fix up our boat when we heard about the killin'. We couldn't believe it, for Sam——"

"Seems like it was a waste of effort to save that outfit," Bridges broke in. "Sam dead and Letty dyin'—all in this length of time! She's a good kid, she's goin' to feel awful. Who's goin' to break the news to her?"

"I don' know," 'Poleon frowned in deep perplexity. "Dere's doctor in dere now," he nodded toward the Gold Belt. "I'm goin' tak' him to her, but she mus' have woman for tak' care of her. Mebbe Madame de Comtesse——"

"Why, the Countess is gone! She left at daylight. Me'n the Kid are to follow as soon as we get our skiff fixed."

"Gone?"

"Sure!"

"Sacre! De one decent woman in dis' place. Wal!" 'Poleon shrugged. "Dose dance-hall gal' is got good heart——"

"Hell! They pulled out ahead of our gang. Best ran his boats through the White Horse late yesterday and he was off before it was light. I know because Phillips told me. He's joined out with

'em—blew in early and got his war-bag. He left the Countess flat."

Doret was dumbfounded at this news and he showed his dismay.

"But—dere's no more women here!" he stammered. "Dat young lady she's seeck, she mus' be nurse'. By Gar! Who's goin' do it, eh?"

The three of them were anxiously discussing the matter when they were joined by the doctor to whom 'Poleon had referred. "I've done all there is to do here," the physician announced.

"Now about Kirby's daughter. You say she's delirious?" The pilot nodded, he told of Rouletta's drenching on the afternoon previous and of the state in which he had just found her. "Jove! Pneumonia, most likely. It sounds serious, and I'm afraid I can't do much. You see I'm all ready to go, but—of course I'll do what I can."

"Who's goin' nurse her?" 'Poleon demanded for a second time. "Dere ain't no women in dis place."

The physician shook his head. "Who indeed? It's a wretched situation! If she's as ill as you seem to think, why, we'll have to do the best we can, I suppose. She probably won't last long. Come!" Together he and the French Canadian hurried away.

It was afternoon when Lucky Board and Kid Bridges came to 'Poleon Doret's tent and called its owner outside.

"We're hitched up and ready to say 'gid-dap,' but we came back to see how Letty's getting along," the former explained.

'Poleon shook his head doubtfully, his face was grave. "She bad seeck."

"Does she know about old Sam?"

"She ain't know not'in'. She's crazee altogether. Poor li'l gal, she's jus' lak baby. I'm scar' as hell."

The confidence-men stared at each other silently, then they stared at Doret. "What we goin' to do about it?" the Kid enquired finally.

'Poleon was at a loss for an answer; he made no secret of his anxiety. "De doctor say she mus' stay right here——"

"Herc?"

"He say if she get cold once more—Pouf! She die lak dat! Plenty fire, plenty blanket, medicine every hour, dat's all. I'm prayin' for come along some woman—any kin' of woman at all—I don' care if she's squaw."

"There ain't any skirts back of us. Best's outfit was the last to leave Linderman. There won't be any more till after the freeze-up."

"Eh bien! Den I s'pose I do de bes' I can. She's poor seeck gal in beeg, cold countree wit' no frien's, no money——"

"No money?" Broad was startled. "Why, Sam was 'fat.' He had a bank-roll——"

"He lose five t'ousan' dollar' playin' card las' night. Lesser eighty dollar' dey lef' him. Eighty dollar' an'—dis." From the pocket of his mackinaw 'Poleon drew Kirby's revolver, that famous single-action six-shooter, the elaborate ivory grip of which was notched in several places. Broad and his partner eyed the weapon with intense interest. "That's Agnes, all right!" the former declared. "And that's where old Sam kept his books." He ran his thumb-nail over the significant file-marks on the handle. "Looks like an alligator had bit it."

Bridges was more deeply impressed by the announcement of Kirby's losses than was his partner. "Sam must of been easy pickin', drunk like that. He was a gamblin' fool when he was right, but I s'pose he couldn't think of nothin', except fresh meat for Agnes. Letty had him tagged proper, and I bet she'd of saved him if she hadn't of gone off her nut. D'youthink she's got a chance?"

"For get well?" 'Poleon shrugged his wide shoulders. "De doctor say it's goin' be hard pull. He's goin' stay so long he can, den—wal, mabbe noder doctor come along. I hope so."

"If /she does win out, then what?" Broad inquired.

'Poleon considered the question. "I s'pose I tak' her back to Dyea an' send her home. I got some dog."

Lucky studied the speaker curiously, there was a peculiar hostile gleam in his small colourless eyes. "Medicine every hour, and a steady fire, you say. You don't figger to get much sleep, do you?"

"Non. No. But me, I'm strong feller; I can sleep hangin' up by de ear if I got to."

"What's the big idea?"

"Eh?" Doret was frankly puzzled. "W'at you mean, 'beeg idea'?"

"What d'youthink to get out of all this?"

"M'sien'!" The French Canadian's face flushed, he raised his head and met

the gaze of the two men. There was an air of dignity about him as he said: "Dece's plenty t'ing in dis worl' we don't get pay' for. You didn't 'spect no pay yesterday when you run de W'ite 'Orse for save dis gal an' her papa, did you? No. Wal, I'm woodsman, riverman; I ain't dam' stampeder. Dis is my coun-tree, we're frien's together long tam; I lov it an' it loves me. I love de birds and h'animals, an' dey're frien's wit' me also. 'Bout spring-tam, w'en de grub she's short, de Canada jays dey come to visit me, an' I feed dem; sometam I fin' dere's groun'-squirrel's nest onder my tent, an' mebbe mister squirrel creep out of his hole, t'inkin' summer is come. Dat feller he's hongry; he steal my food an' he set 'longside my stove fer eat him. You t'ink I hurt dose he'pless li'l t'ing? You s'pose I mak' dem pay fer w'at dey eat?"

Poleon was soaring as only his free soul could soar; he indicated the tent at his back whence issued the sound of Rouletta Kirby's ceaseless murmurings.

"Dis gal—she's tiny snow-bird wit' broken wing. *Bien!* I fix her wing de bes' I can. I mak' her well an' I teach her to fly again. Dat's all." Broad and Bridges had listened attentively, their faces impassive. Lucky was the first to speak.

"Letty's a good girl, y'understand. She's different to these others——"

Poleon interrupted with a gesture of impatience. "It ain't mak' no difference if she's good or bad. She's seeck."

"Me'n the Kid have done some heavy thinkin' and we'd about decided to get a high-stool and take turns lookin'-out Letty's game, just to see that her bets went as they laid, but I gôt a hunch you're a square guy. What d'you think, Kid?"

Mr. Bridges nodded his head slowly. "I got the same hunch. The point is this," he explained. "We can't very well throw the Countess—we got some of her outfit—and anyhow, we'd be about as handy around an invalid as a coupla cub-bears. I think we'll bow out. But Frenchy——" the gambler spoke with intense earnestness, "if ever we hear a kick from that gal we'll—we'll foller you like a track. Won't we, Lucky?"

"We'll foller him to hell!" Mr. Broad feelingly declared.

Gravely, ceremoniously, the callers shook hands with Doret, then they returned whence they had come. They went their way; Rouletta's delirium continued; Poleon's problem increased daily; meanwhile, however, the life of the North did not slacken a single pulse-beat.

CHAPTER XX.

NEVER since their earliest association had Tom Linton and Jerry Quirk found themselves in such absolute accord, in such complete harmony of understanding, as during the days that immediately followed their reconciliation. Each man undertook to outdo the other in politeness, each man forced himself to be considerate, and strove at whatever expense to himself to lighten the other's burdens; all of their relations were characterised by an elaborate, an almost mid-Victorian courtesy. A friendly rivalry in self-sacrifice existed between them; they quarrelled good-naturedly over the dish-washing, that disgusting rite which tries the patience of every grown man; when there was wood to be cut they battled with each other for the axe.

But there is a limit to politeness; unfailing sunshine grows tedious, and so does a monotonous exercise of magnanimity.

While it had been an easy matter to cut their rowboat in two, the process of splicing it together again had required patience and ingenuity and it had resulted in delay. By the time they arrived at Miles Canyon, therefore, the season was far advanced and both men, without knowing it, were in a condition of mind to welcome any sort of a squall that would serve to freshen the unbearably stagnant atmosphere of amiability in which they were slowly suffocating.

Here for the first time the results of their quarrel arose to embarrass them; they could find no pilot who would risk his life in a craft so badly put together as theirs. After repeated discouragements the partners took counsel with each other; reluctantly they agreed that they were up against it.

"Seems like I've about ruined us," Mr. Quirk acknowledged ruefully.

"You? Why, Jerry, it was my fault we cut the old ship in two," Mr. Linton declared.

The former speaker remonstrated gently. "Now, Tom, it's just like you to take the blame, but it was my doin's; I instigated that fratricidal strife."

Sweetly but firmly Linton differed from his partner. "It ain't often that you're wrong, Jerry old boy—it ain't more than once or twice in a lifetime—but you're wrong now. I'm the guilty wretch and I'd ought to hang for it. My rotten temper—"

"Pshaw! You got one of the nicest dispositions I ever see—in a man—you're sweeter'n a persimmon. I pecked at you till your core was exposed. I'm a thorn in the flesh, Tom, and folks wouldn't criticise you none for doin' away with me."

"You're way off. I climbed you with my spurs—"

"Now, Tom!" Sadly Mr. Quirk wagged his grey head. "I don't often argue with anybody, especially with you, but the damnable idea of dividin' our spoils originated in my evil mind and I'm goin' to pay the penalty. I'll ride this whitepine outlaw through by myself. You 'ear him down till I get both feet in the stirrups then turn him a-loose; I'll finish settin' up and I won't pull leather."

"How you talk! Boats ain't like horses. It'll take a good oarsman to navigate these rapids—"

"Well?" Quirk looked up quickly. "I'm a good oarsman." There was a momentary pause. "Ain't I?"

Mr. Linton hastily remedied his slip of the tongue. "You're a bear!" he asserted with feeling. "I don't know as I ever saw a better boatman than you for your weight and experience, but—there's a few things about boats that you never had the chance to pick up, you being sort of a cactus and alkali sailor. For instance, when you want a boat to go 'gee' you have to pull on the 'off' oar. It's plumb opposite to the way you steer a horse."

"Sure! Didn't I figger that out for the both of us? We most had a runaway till I doped it out."

Now this was a plain perversion of fact, for it was Tom who had made the discovery. Mr. Linton was about to so state the matter when he reflected that

doubtless Jerry's intentions were honest and that his failing memory was to blame for the misstatement. It was annoying to be robbed of the credit for an important discovery, of course, but Tom swallowed his resentment.

"The point is this," he said with a resumption of geniality. "You'd get all wet in them rapids, Jerry, and—you know what that means. I'd rather take a chance on drowning myself than to nurse you through another bad cold."

It was a perfectly sincere speech—an indirect expression of deep concern that reflected no little credit on the speaker's generosity. Tom was exasperated, therefore, when Jerry, by some characteristic process of crooked reasoning, managed to misinterpret it. Plaintively the latter said:—

"I s'pose I am a handicap to you, Tom. You're mighty consid'rable of my feelin's not to throw it up to me any oftener than you do."

"I don't throw it up to you none. I never did. No, Jerry, I'll row the boat. You go overland and keep your feet dry."

"A lot of good that would do." Mr. Quirk spoke morosely. "I'd starve to death walkin' around if you lost the grub."

This struck Tom Linton as a very narrow, a very selfish way of looking at the matter. He had taken no such view of Jerry's offer; he had thought less about the grub than about his partner's safety. It was an inconsiderate, an unfeeling remark. After a moment he said:—

"You know I don't throw things up to you, Jerry. I ain't that kind." Mr. Quirk stirred uneasily. "You didn't mean to say that, did you?"

What Jerry would have answered is uncertain, for his attention at the moment was attracted by a stranger who strode down the bank and now accosted him and his partner jointly.

"*Bon jour, M'sieu's!*" said the newcomer. "I'm lookin' for buy some lemon'. You got some, no?"

Mr. Quirk spoke irritably. "Sure. We've got a few but they ain't for sale."

The stranger—Quirk remembered him as the Frenchman, Doret, whom he had seen at Sheep Camp—smiled confidently.

"Oh, yes! Everyting is for sale if you pay noough for him," said he.

Now this fellow had broken the thread of a conversation into which a vague undertone of acrimony was creeping—a conversation that gave every indication of developing into an agreeable and soul-satisfying difference of opinion, if not even into a loud and free-spoken argument of the old familiar sort. To have the promise of an invigorating quarrel frustrated by an idiotic diversion concerning lemons caused both old men to turn their pent-up exasperation upon the speaker.

"We've got use for our lemons and we're going to keep them," said Tom. "We're lemon-eaters—full of acid—that's us."

"We wouldn't give lemon aid to nobody." Jerry grinned in malicious enjoyment of his own wit.

"You got how many?" 'Poleon persisted.

"Oh, 'bout enough! Mebbe a dozen or two."

"I buy 'em. Dere's poor seeck lady —"

Tom cut in brusquely. "You won't buy anything here. Don't tell us 'your troubles. We've got enough of our own, and poverty ain't among the number."

"W'at trouble you got, eh? Me, I'm de trouble man. Mebbe I fix 'em."

Sourly the partners explained their difficulty; when 'Poleon understood he smiled again, more widely. "Good! I mak' bargain wit' you, queeck. Me, I'm pilot of de bes' an' I tak' your boat t'rough for dose lemon."

The elderly men sat up, they exchanged startled glances.

"D'yous mean it?"

"I'm goin' have dose lemon."

"Can't you buy any in the saloons?"

"No. Wal, w'at you say?"

Tom inquired of his partner, "Reckon you can get along without 'em, Jerry?"

"Why, I been savin' 'em for you."

"Then it's a go!"

"One ting you do for me, eh?" 'Poleon hesitated momentarily. "It's goin' tak' time for fin' dan' fool to he'p me row dat batteau, but—I fin' him. Mebbe you set up wit' li'l seeck girl while I'm gone. What?" In a few words he made known the condition of affairs at his camp and the old men

agreed readily enough. With undisguised relief they clambered stiffly out of their boat and followed the French Canadian up the trail. As they toiled up the slope 'Poleon explained:

"De doctor he's go to Dawson, an' t'ree day dis gal been layin' seeck—crazee in de head. Every hour medicine, all de tam fire in de stove! *Sacre!* I'm half 'sleep."

"We'll set up with her as long as you want," Tom volunteered. "Being a family man myself, I'm a regular nurse."

"Me, too," Jerry exclaimed. "I never had no family but I allus been handy around hosses, and hosses is the same as people only bigger—"

Mr. Linton stifled a laugh at this remark. "That'll show you!" said he. "You leave it to me, Jerry."

"Well, ain't they?"

"No."

"They are, too."

"Plumb different."

The argument waxed hot; it had reached its height when 'Poleon laid a finger upon his lips commanding silence. On tiptoe he led the two men into his tent. When he had issued instructions and left in search of a boatman the partners seated themselves awkwardly, their caps in their hands. Curiously, apprehensively they studied the fever-flushed face of the delirious girl.

"Perty, ain't she?" Jerry whispered.

Tom nodded. "She's sick, all right, too," he said in a similar tone, then after a moment: "I've been thinking about them lemons. We're getting about a hundred dollars a dozen for 'em. Kind of a rotten trick under the circumstances. I'm sorry you put it up to that feller the way you did."

Mr. Quirk stiffened, his eyes widened in astonishment.

"Me? I didn't put it up to him. You done it. They're your lemons."

"How d'you figure they're mine?"

"You bought 'em didn't you?"

"I paid for 'em, if that's what you mean, but I bought 'em for you, same as I bought that liquor. You've et most of 'em and you've drank most of the whisky. You needed it worse than I did, Jerry, and I've always considered

Now any reference, any reflection upon his physical limitations, however

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school with wet feet. Apart from this, they are always face to face with the risk from infection—especially when epidemics of Whooping Cough, Measles, Diphtheria, Influenza, etc., are about. Mothers of School Boys and Girls however can be always FREE of ANXIETY if they have a bottle of

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remote or indirect, aroused Jerry's instant ire. "At it again, ain't you?" he cried testily. "I s'pose you'll forget about that whisky in four or five years. I hope so——"

"Sh—h!" Tom made a gesture commanding silence, for Jerry had unconsciously raised his voice. "What ails you?" he inquired sweetly.

"Nothin' ails me," Jerry muttered under his breath. "That's the trouble. You're allus talkin' like it did—like I had one foot in the grave and was gaspin' my last. I'm hard as a hickory nut. I could throw you down and set on you."

Mr. Linton opened his bearded lips, then closed them again; he withdrew behind an air of wounded dignity. This, he reflected, was his reward for days of kindness, for weeks of uncomplaining sacrifice. Jerry was the most unreasonable, the most difficult person he had ever met; the more one did for him the crankier he became. There was no gratitude in the man, his skin wouldn't hold it. Take the matter of their tent, for instance: how would the old fellow have managed if he, Tom, had not, out of pure compassion, taken pity on him and rescued him from the rain back there at Linderman? Had Jerry remembered that act of kindness? He had not. On the contrary, he had assumed, and maintained, an attitude of indulgence that was in itself an offence—yes, more than an offence. Tom tried to centre his mind upon his partner's virtues, but it was a difficult task, for honesty compelled him to admit that Jerry assayed mighty low when you analysed him with care. Mr. Linton gave up the effort finally with a shake of his head.

"What you wig-waggin' about?" Jerry inquired curiously. Tom made no answer. After a moment the former speaker whispered meditatively: "I'd have give him the lemons if he'd asked me for 'em. Sick people need lemons."

"Sometimes they do and sometimes they don't." Mr. Linton whispered shortly.

"Lemons is acid, and acid cuts phlegm."

"Lemons ain't acid; they're alkali."

This statement excited a derisive snort from Mr. Quirk. "Alkali! My God! Ever taste alkali?" Jerry had an

irritating way of asserting himself in regard to matters of which he knew less than nothing: his was the scornful certainty of abysmal ignorance.

"Did you ever give lemons to sick folks?" Tom inquired in his turn.

"Sure! Thousands."

Now this was such an outrageous exaggeration that Linton was impelled to exclaim:—

"Rats! You never saw a thousand sick folks."

"I didn't say so. I said I'd given thousands of lemons——"

"Oh!" Tom filled his pipe and lit it, whereupon his partner breathed a sibilant warning:—

"Put out that smudge! D'yous aim to strangle the girl?"

With a guilty start the offender quenched the fire with his thumb.

"The idea of lightin' sheep-dip in a sick room!" Mr. Quirk went on. With his cap he fanned violently at the fumes.

"You don't have to blow her out of bed," Tom growled. Clumsily he drew the blankets closer beneath the sick girl's chin, but in so doing he again excited his companion's opposition.

"Here!" Jerry protested. "She's burnin' up with fever. You blanket 'em when they've got chills." Gently he removed the covers from Rouletta's throat.

Linton showed his contempt for this ridiculous assertion by silently pulling the bedding higher and snugly tucking it in. Jerry promptly elbowed him aside and pulled it lower. Tom made an angry gesture and for a third time adjusted the covers to suit himself, whereupon Jerry immediately changed them to accord with his ideas.

Aggressively, violently, but without words this time, the partners argued the matter. They were glaring at each other, they had almost come to blows when, with a start, Jerry looked at his watch. Swiftly he possessed himself of the medicine glass and spoon; to Tom he whispered:

"Quick! Lift her up."

Linton refused. "Don't you know anything?" he queried. "Never move a sick person unless you have to. Give it to her as she lays."

"How you goin' to feed medicine out of a spoon to anybody layin' down?" the other demanded.

"Easy!" Tom took the glass and the teaspoon; together the two men bent over the bed.

But Linton's hands were shaky; when he pressed the spoon to Roulette's lips he spilled its contents. The girl rolled her head restlessly.

"Pshaw! She moved."

"She never moved," Jerry contradicted. "You missed her." From his nostrils issued that annoying, that insulting snort of derision which so sorely tried his partner's patience. "You had a fair shot at her, layin' down, Tom, and you never touched her."

"Maybe I'd have had better luck if you hadn't jiggled me."

"Hell! Who jiggled—?"

"Sh—h!" Once more Mr. Quirk had spoken aloud. "If you're got to holler go down by the rapids."

After several clumsy attempts both men agreed that their patient had doubtless received the equivalent of a full dose of medicine, so Tom replaced the glass and spoon. "I'm a little out of practice," he explained.

"I thought you done fine." Jerry spoke with what seemed to be genuine commendation. "You got it into her nose every time."

Tom exploded with wrath and it was Jerry's turn to command silence. "Why don't you hire a hall?" the latter inquired. "Or, mebbe, I better tree a coon for you so you can bark as loud as you want to. Family man! Huh!" Linton bristled aggressively, but the whisperer continued: "One head of children don't make a family any more'n one head of heifers makes a herd."

Tom paled; he showed his teeth beneath his grey moustache. Leaning forward, he thrust his quivering, bearded face close to the hateful countenance opposite him. "D'you mean to call my daughter a heifer?" he demanded in restrained fury.

"Keep them whiskers to yourself." Jerry snapped. "You can't pick a row with me, Tom; I don't quarrel with nobody. I didn't call your daughter a heifer and you know I didn't. No doubt she would of made a fine woman if she'd of grown up but—Say! I bet I know why you lost her. I bet your poured so much medicine in her crib that she drownded." Jerry giggled at this thought.

"That ain't funny," the other rumbled. "If I thought you meant to call a member of my family a heifer—"

"You've called your wife worse'n that. I've heard you."

"I meant everything I said. She was an old catamount and—"

"Prob'ly she was a fine woman." Jerry had a discourteous habit of interrupting. "No wonder she walked out and left you flat—she was human. No doubt she had a fine character to start with. So did I, for that matter, but there's a limit to human endurance."

"You don't have to put up with me any longer than you want to," Linton stormed under his breath. "We can get a divorce easy. All it takes is a saw."

"You made that crack once before, and I called your bluff!" Jerry's angry face was now out-thrust, only with difficulty did he maintain a tone inaudible to the sick girl. "Out of pity I helped you up and handed you back your crutches. But this time I'll let you lay where you fall. A hundred dollars a dozen for lemons! For a poor little sick girl! You ain't got the bowels of a shark."

"It was your proposition!"

"It wasn't!"

"It was!"

"Some folks lie faster'n a goat can gallop."

"Meaning me?"

"Who else would I mean?"

"Why don't you *call* me a liar and be done with it?"

"I do. It ain't news to anybody but you!"

Having safely landed his craft below the rapids, 'Poleon Doret hurried back to his tent to find the partners sitting knee to knee, face to face, and hurling whispered incoherencies at each other. Both men were in a poisonous mood, both were ripe for violence. They overflowed with wrath. They were glaring, they shook their fists, they were racked with fury, insult followed abuse and the sounds that issued from their throats were like the rustlings of a cornfield in an autumn gale. Nor did inquiry elicit a sensible explanation from either.

"Heifer, eh? Drowned my own child, did I?" Tom ground his teeth in a ferocious manner.

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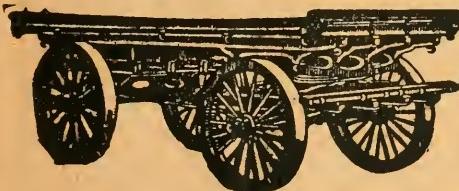
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"Don't file your tusks for me," Jerry chattered, "file the saw. We're goin' to need it."

"You men goin' cut dat boat in two again?" 'Poleon inquired with astonishment.

"Sure. And everything we've got."

It was Linton who spoke; there was a light of triumph in his eyes, his face was ablaze with an unholy satisfaction. "We've been drawing lots for twenty minutes and this time—I got the stove!"

*(To be continued in our next number—
June 29, 1918.)*

FINANCIAL AND BUSINESS QUARTER.

Production of gold in India during 1917 totalled 520,362 fine ozs.; in 1916, 541,077 fine ozs.; in 1915, 556,596 fine ozs.; and in 1914, 602,006 fine ozs.

Prices of crude petroleum at the wells in America are in the proximity of three dollars 75 cents per barrel. The quotation in 1862 was only 10 cents a barrel.

The annual report of the Canadian Pacific Railway for the year 1917 shows gross earnings of the railway and of lake and coastal steamers amounting to £30,477,000.

The net profits of the United States Steel Corporation for the year ended December 31st last were about £48,000,000, the totals in 1916 and 1915 being £58,000,000 and £19,000,000 respectively.

The quantity of meat marketed at Smithfield (London) in 1917 totalled 282,936 tons, as compared with 331,161 tons in the previous year. The total of imports of meat into Britain during last year was approximately 550,000 tons, as compared with 533,811 tons in 1916. A limited portion of those quantities, however, were re-exported.

The American army, it is officially estimated, will consume 120,000,000 lb. of raw wool, or approximately 100,000,000 lb. more than the requirements of a million men in civilian life. As by the end of last year the total enrolment of men had reached approximately 1,500,000 men, some 150,000,000 lb. of wool in excess of the requirements of the same number of men in civilian life had been used.

The quantity of cigars, cheroots and cigarettes imported into U.S.A. in 1917 was over £3,500,000, against little more than 2,000,000 lb. in 1916, and about 1,500,000 lb. in 1915; the leaf tobacco imported in 1917 was valued at £6,000,000, against £5,000,000 in 1916, and £4,000,000 in 1915. Cigarette books and paper to the value of £1,100,000 were imported, the figures in 1916 and 1915 being £500,000 and £250,000 respectively.

In his amended statement regarding the French Civil Service estimates for the current financial year M. Klotz, Minister of Finance, asked the Budget Committee of the Chamber of Deputies, in order to assure "the normal equilibrium of the Budget," to raise from 12½ to 14 per cent., the rate of the general income tax and to increase the Excise duties upon beverages (wines, ciders and beers) by 50 per cent. Other proposals included an increase in the duties on sugar, vinegar and acetic acid.

In reference to the Inter-State Commission's report on the Meat Trade and the references therein to export, it is interesting to recall the fact that during 1917, 118,540 tons of meat were consigned oversea from the Commonwealth. Of that quantity 108,740 tons were beef, and 9800 tons mutton and lamb. With the exception of 5530 tons all the meat was exported to Great Britain. In immediately previous years the total exports were as follows:—1916, 104,000 tons; 1915, 132,900 tons; 1914, 171,200 tons.

Despite the severe handicaps arising out of the war, another season of remarkable prosperity fell to the lot of the

North Shields fishing firm of Richard Irvin and Sons (Eng.). The fleet last year proved more than equal to all emergencies, and losses were made good faster than they occurred. The net profit for 1917, after allowing for excess profits duty only and raising the depreciation provision from £19,000 to £22,000, was £13,000, as compared with £39,800 in 1916, and the ordinary dividend is once more 15 per cent. The addition of £10,000 to reserves is repeated, and makes the total of these accounts £70,000. Furthermore, there was a fairly substantial carry-over.

What was termed a Business Men's Week was recently held in Great Britain, the object being in nearly every town in the country to strive to invest sufficient money in National War Bonds or War Savings Certificates to buy some definite instrument of war, a Dreadnought, a cruiser, a submarine, etc. Reckoning only towns with populations in excess of 10,000, sufficient money was subscribed to purchase:—seven super-Dreadnoughts (cost £2,500,000 each), 44 light cruisers (cost £400,000 each), nine monitors (cost £250,000 each), 41 destroyers (cost £150,000 each), 63 submarines (cost £100,000 each). In addition those towns which were asked to supply aeroplanes subscribed between them money sufficient for the purchase of no fewer than 4000 aeroplanes (cost £2500 each).

The wave of enthusiasm in connection with the Business Men's Week caused such strenuous efforts in many places that the task set the cities and towns were achieved many times over. Thus Liverpool, whose task it was to provide one super-Dreadnought, subscribed enough money in National War Bonds to purchase more than five of them. London was asked to do as much as the rest of England and Wales, and she achieved the task set her with a big balance to spare. It was Tank Week in London, and if the money subscribed by London during Business Men's Week went to purchase tanks it would buy a fleet of 15,000 of these great war engines. The East Coast towns which have suffered most directly from German coastal and aerial bombardments almost without exception handsomely exceeded their quota.

The amount of new capitalisation in connection with ship-building and shipping in the United States during the period which has elapsed since the beginning of the great European war, has amounted to 401,749,000 dollars (approximately £80,349,800). In detail the figures have been worked out officially as follows:—Last five months of 1914, 1,844,000 dols.; 1915, 37,662,000 dols.; 1916, 69,466,000 dols.; 1917, 271,503,000 dols.; January, 1918, 21,274,000 dols. The total capital of 271,503,000 dols. included in the incorporations during 1917 was comprised of 198,350,000 for new ship-building companies, and 73,103,000 dols. for ship-owning or operating concerns. The figures in question include new financing involved in the expansion of existing companies.

Balance sheets issued by the various banking institutions in Australia continue to indicate in no uncertain manner the wave of prosperity being experienced, as a result of war expenditure, in the Commonwealth. Recognising that such prosperity must receive a severe check at the close of international hostilities, those who are directing banking affairs are providing for the "rainy day" by building up strong reserves, a policy, we are afraid, which is not being followed by the "man in the street." In exemplification of the foregoing the Bank of New South Wales can be cited. Out of the profits earned during the six months ended March 31st, £75,000 was transferred to reserve fund, the total now being £2,875,000, against a capital of £3,904,860. The net profits at £278,784 were within a few hundred pounds of those earned during the corresponding term in the previous year, enabling the customary dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum to be maintained. Deposits at £43,126,761 are about £3,000,000 in excess of the 1917 total, and have reached the "highest level ever shown by the bank." Likewise "liquid assets" have at £31,140,776, shown considerable expansion when set against those of the earlier term. In his speech at the half-yearly meeting of shareholders in Sydney, however, the chairman of directors pointed out that all banking figures are subject to fluctuation during the war, and a steady progress, as in normal times, could not be expected.

AGGREGATE BALANCE SHEET OF THE BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES, 31st March, 1918

LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
Notes in circulation	£610,107 0 0	Coin, bullion, and cash balances	£10,207,885 14 9
Deposits, accrued interest, and rebate	43,126,761 13 11	Australian Commonwealth notes	4,937,285 10 0
Bills payable and other liabilities (which include reserves held for doubtful debts and amounts at credit of investments fluctuation account, officers' fidelity guarantee and provident fund, the Buckland fund, and amounts due to other banks)	£43,736,868 13 11	Fiji Government notes	21,459 0 0
Paid-up capital	3,904,860 0 0	Notes of other banks	85,621 0 0
Reserve Fund	2,875,000 0 0	Money at short call in London	1,820,000 0 0
Profit and loss, £397,972 1/2; less interim dividend to 31st Dec., 1917, £97,621/10/-	300,350 11 2	Short-dated British Treasury bills	2,250,000 0 0
	8,677,188 7 6	Investments	
	£59,494,267 12 7	British and Colonial Government securities	7,735,232 13 4
Contingent Liabilities—Outstanding credits, as per contra	1,702,731 17 3	Municipal and other securities	765,134 0 0
	£61,196,999 9 10	Due by other banks	302,752 0 8
	£61,196,999 9 10	Bills receivable in London and remittances in transit	3,015,406 14 1
	£31,140,776 12 10		
	Advances under wheat scheme	1,718,614 15 1	
	Bills discounted, and loans and advances to customers	25,812,876 4 8	
	Bank premises	822,000 0 0	
	£59,494,267 12 7		
	Liabilities of customers and others on letters of credit, as per contra	1,702,731 17 3	
	£61,196,999 9 10		

Dr.	PROFIT AND LOSS, 31st March, 1918.	Cr.
To interim dividend for quarter ended 31st December, 1917, at 10 per cent. per annum, paid in terms of Clause CV. of Deed of Settlement out of the half-year's profits	£97,621 10 0	
Balance proposed to be dealt with as follows:-		
To quarter's dividend to 31st March, 1918, at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum out of the half-year's profits	£97,621 10 0	
To augmentation of the Reserve Fund	75,000 0 0	
To balance carried forward	127,729 1 2	
	300,350 11 2	
	£397,972 1 2	
	£397,972 1 2	

Dr.	RESERVE FUND, 31st March, 1918.	Cr.
To balance	£2,950,000 0 0	
(Of which £750,000 is invested in British Government Securities, and £500,000 in those of States where we are represented—in all, £1,250,000. The balance is employed in the business of the bank.)		
	By balance	£2,875,000 0 0
	By amount from Profit and Loss	75,000 0 0
	£2,950,000 0 0	
	By balance	£2,950,000 0 0
	£2,950,000 0 0	

J. RUSSELL FRENCH, General Manager.
W. E. SOUTHERDEN, Chief Accountant.
Audited, 20th May, 1918.

HARRINGTON PALMER }
S. E. LAIDLEY, } Auditors.

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GLACE KID BALMORALS, Goodyear welts, medium and round toes, OAKITE soles 21/-

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GLACE KID BOOTS, no toecaps, full fitting, welted soles, broad toes ... 18 6, 21 -, 25 -, 25 6

GLACE KID BALMORALS, patent toecaps, round toes, Goodyear welts, OAKITE soles 21 -

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TAN WILLOW CALF DERBY BOOTS, OAKITE soles, round toes, Goodyear welts ... 22 6

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